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TICH VIEW

NOT A CHANCE

A MUSICAL COMEDY

A. McCALLUM & CO. MUSIC DEPT. NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

NINETEENTH ANNUAL TECH SHOW

NOT A CHANCE

A Musical Comedy in Three Acts

BOOK BY
IRVING B. McDANIELS, 1917

Staged by WILLIAM C. DUNCAN

Musical Director, WILLIAM HOWARD

Dancing conducted by VIRGINIA TANNER

Orchestration, ARTHUR E. HARRIS

Tech Show Management

CLAUDIUS H. M. ROBERTS, 1917, General Manager
FREDERICK BERNARD, 1917, Assistant General Manager
GEORGE B. HUTCHINGS, 1918, Business Manager

SOPHOMORE ASSISTANTS
M. M. Becket, 1919
H. M. Denison, 1919

FRESHMAN ASSISTANTS
P. Bugbee, 1920
H. C. Button, 1920
E. P. Whitehead, 1920

DONALD G. BRADLEY, 1918, Stage Manager

SOPHOMORE ASSISTANT
N. P. Johnston, 1919

FRESHMAN ASSISTANT
Edwin D. Ryer, 1920

A. WINTON CAIRD, 1918, Publicity Manager

SOPHOMORE ASSISTANT
D. Oscar Mayer, 1919

FRESHMAN ASSISTANTS
J. W. Logan, Jr., 1920
J. G. Moir, Jr., 1920

WALTER S. FRAZIER, Jr., 1918, Stage Director

SOPHOMORE ASSISTANT
Guy H. Davis, 1919

FRESHMAN ASSISTANT
George R. Knight, 1920

FREDERICK A. WASHBURN, 1918, Treasurer
HIRAM Y. WATERHOUSE, 1915, Property Manager
ROBERT T. COLLIER, 1918, Assistant Property Manager

ALUMNI ADVISORY COMMITTEE

Alexander Macomber, 1908
Robert E. Rogers

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FIRST EDITION

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Tech Show Cast

Dave Randolph	Tech 1917, who is a rising young author with a romance on the side	Walter S. Frazier, 1918
Willie Kidder	Who will	Charles J. Parsons, 1919
Ross Bradford	Who is in love with Jane. . . .	E. D. Harrington, 1918
John Van Allston	Who wants to get the long green .	Paul D. Peltier, 1919
Howard Randolph	Who has got his	W. L. Winant, 1920
Freddie Patter	Who probably never will . . .	G. E. McLaughlin, 1918
"Bud" Weiser	Who are partners in crime . . .	H. C. Williamson, 1917
Steve Holt		Frank S. Owen, 1920
Togo	Who is the yellow peril	K. S. M. Davidson, 1919
George Washington Stammers	Who does.	G. R. Stevens, 1917
Jane Van Allston	Who is in love with Ross. . . .	P. N. Cristal, 1917
Emma Van Allston	Who is her mother	J. E. Wallis, Jr. 1917
Pansy Patch	Who looks it	F. S. Britton, 1919
The Girl	Who is to blame for it all	J. S. Coldwell, 1919
Margaret	Who are simply sweet young things	P. B. Craighead, 1918
Millicent		K. F. Akers, 1920
Mildred		J. J. Wolfson, 1920
Marie		J. C. Nash, 1920
Myrtle		A. Kruse, 1920
Mollie		J. W. Friery, 1918
Premier Danseur	. . . . .	J. Paul Gardner, 1917

Assisted by Maynard L. Smith, 1918

Musical Numbers

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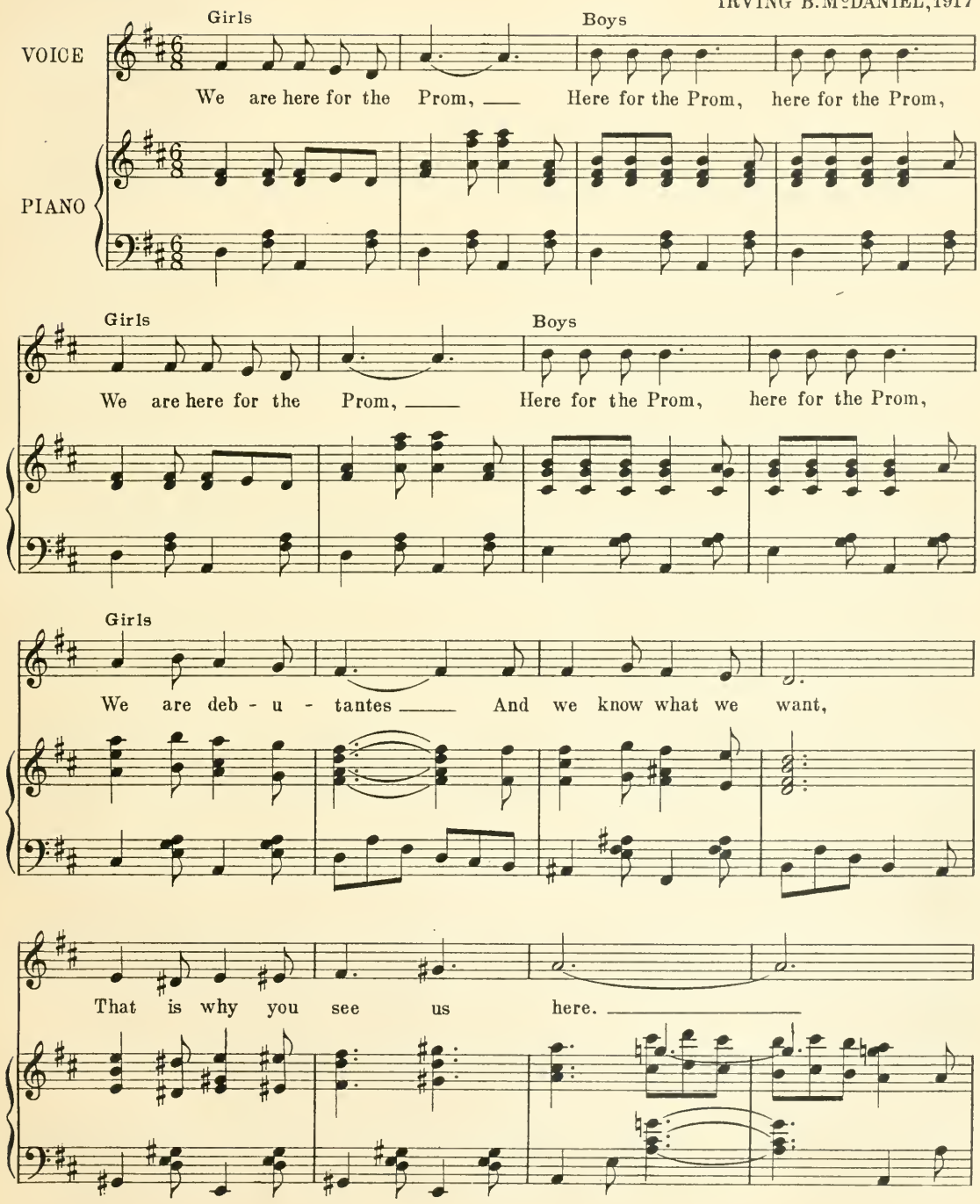
Dance Number — E. P. Collins 1918

Opening Chorus

Lyrics and Music by
IRVING B. McDANIEL, 1917



Boys

We are here for the Prom, Where are you from, where are you from?

Girls

Why, from ev - 'ry - where we've come.

All

We will sing till we can't talk, We will dance till we can't walk,

'Cause it is the Jun - ior Prom.

Boys

We are the boys that make the noise, And we al - ways like to be a -

round a pret - ty miss.

Girls

We are the girls that set a-whirl the hearts of all the men, And of - ten

win them with a kiss.

All

We are the ones that have the fun, And we like to sing and dance and

play as you can see.

Boys Girls Boys Girls

We like the girls, We like the men, We like your curls, Tell us a-gain,

All

'Cause we live for flat - ter - y.

Prom girls be true,

We sing to you; Af - ter you have left us, Try not to for-

get us, Prom girls be true, And re-mem-ber, too,

T

1. 2.

When us you rec-ol-lect, The Prom you had at Tech. Tech.

Boys Girls

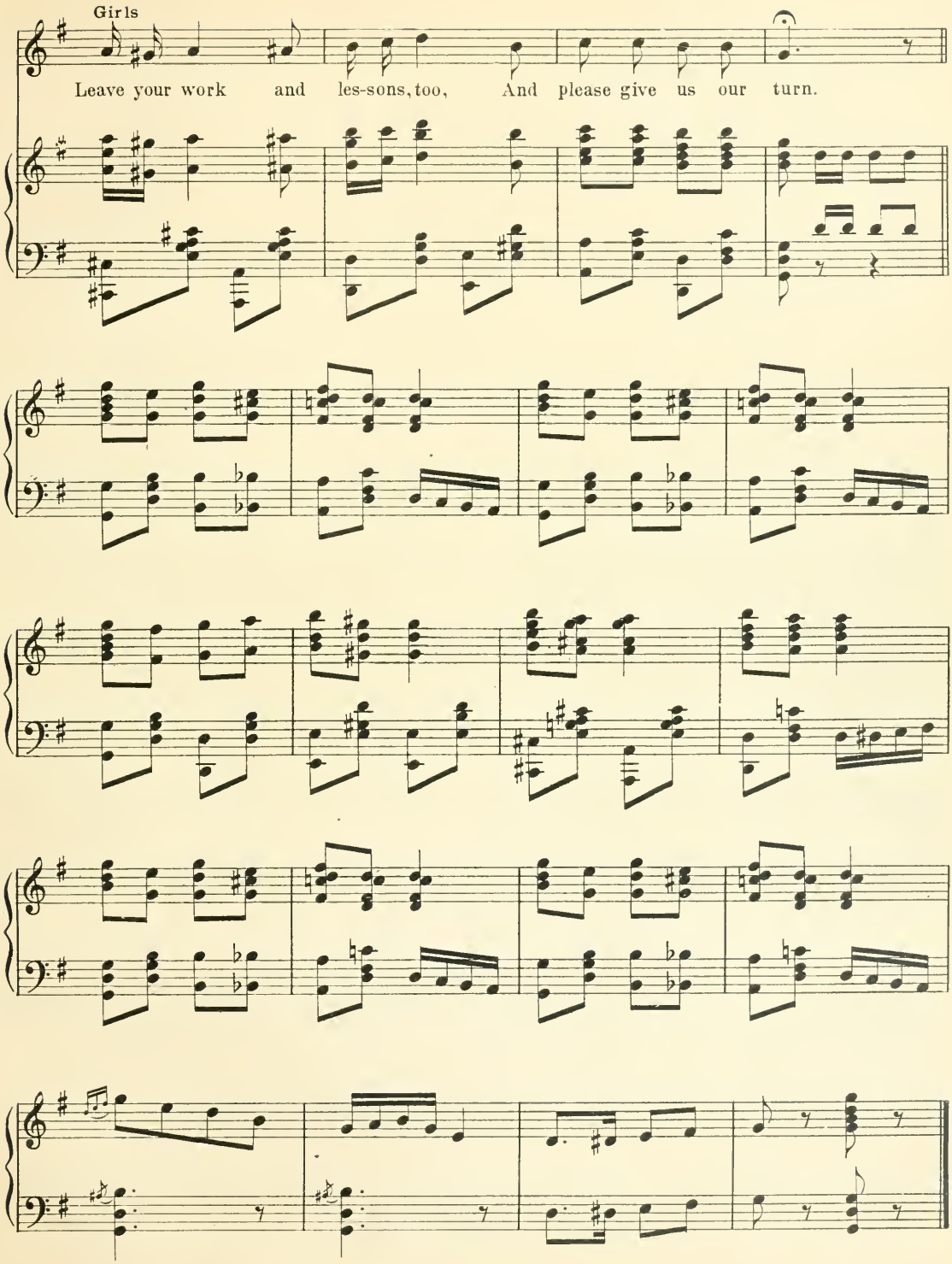
Girls, can't you fall in love? We don't know.

Boys Girls

Girls, can't you fall in love? Tech men are so slow.

Boys

We don't know what to do, We're rea-dy now to learn.


Girls
Leave your work and les-sons, too, And please give us our turn.

T

I'm John Van Allston, Millionaire

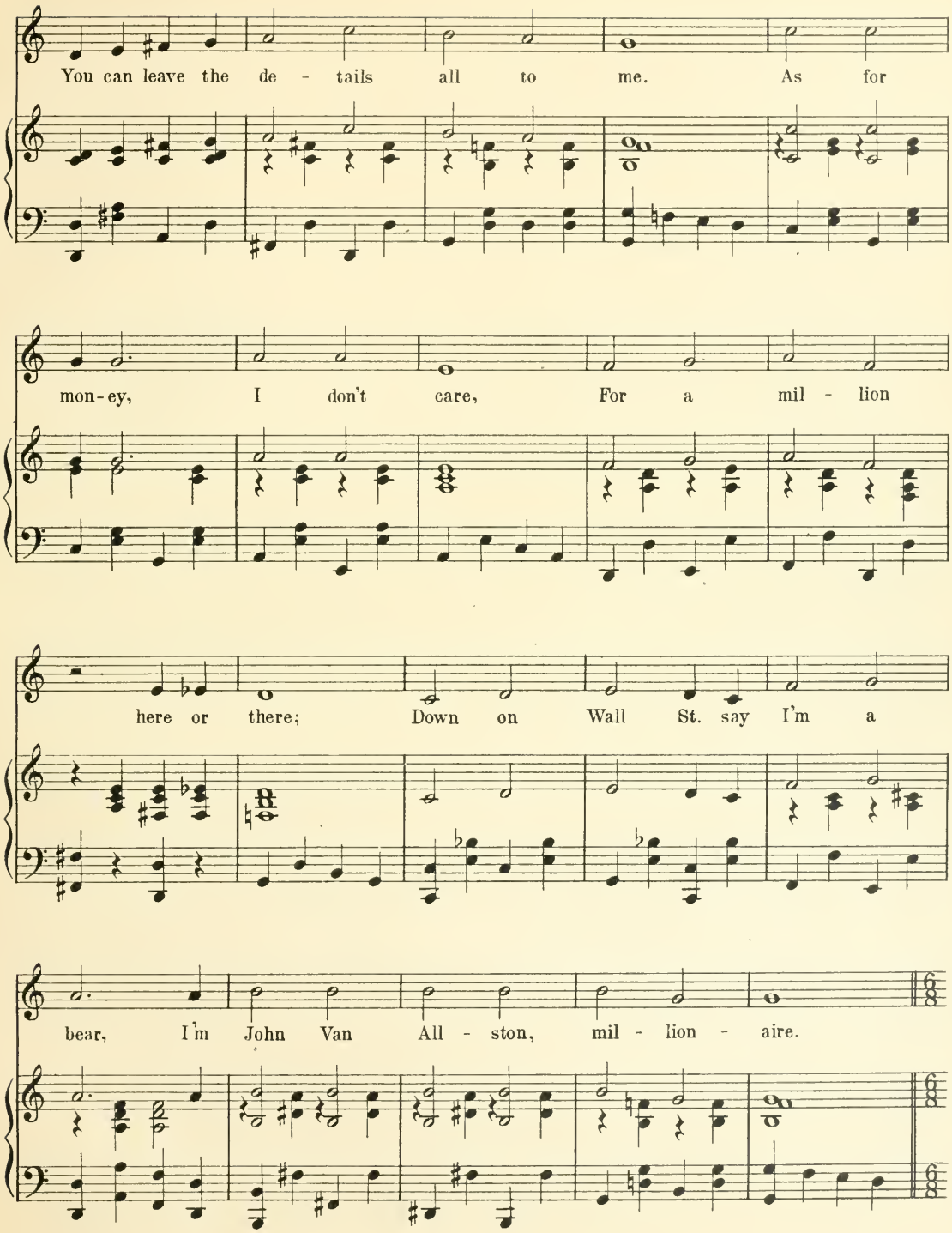
MR. VAN ALLSTON AND CHORUS

IRVING B. McDANIEL, 1917

IRVING B. McDANIEL, 1917

PIANO

Come on boys, I'll buy the town for you, And there's no - thing that we won't do. Come on girls, and join our ju - bi - lee,


You can leave the de - tails all to me. As for
mon-ey, I don't care, For a mil - lion
here or there; Down on Wall St. say I'm a
bear, I'm John Van All - ston, mil - lion - aire.

T

CHORUS

1. I'm the man who made the coun - try what it is to - day,
2. I'm the one who made Tech-nol - o - gy so hard they say,

Eu - rope trem - bles at my word, I have them in my sway,
Prex - y trem - bles at my word, I have him in my sway,

Ev - 'ry pol - i - ti - cian In Wash - ing-ton I own, I
Ev - 'ry sin - gle one of the fa - cul - ty I own, I

ev - en make the courts and pul - pits groan.
ev - en make the cor - por - a - tion groan.

I'm the man who made the high cost of liv - ing, _____
I'm the man who made the tu - i - tion high, _____ It

But to char - i - ties I'm al - ways giv - ing, _____ Wall St. shakes and
keeps them broke no mat - ter how they try, _____ Mil - lion for a

Cho. Mr. Van A.

quiv - ers They think I make fliv - ers. Do you real - ly? _____ Do I
lit tle gift, Tech men say I'm Mis - ter Smith. Are you real - ly? _____ Am I

Cho. Mr. Van A.

real - ly? _____ Do you real - ly? Well, no, I don't. _____
real - ly? _____ Are you real - ly? Well, no, I'm not. _____

T

Hon, You've Got The Right Idea

Lyrics and Music by
SAMUEL V. CHAMBERLAIN, 1918

PIANO

Hon-ey, there's something 'bout you that's ap - peal - ing

You're aw-f'lly good but I don't know Some-how I sim-ply can't a-void the

feel - ing You're just a bit too slow

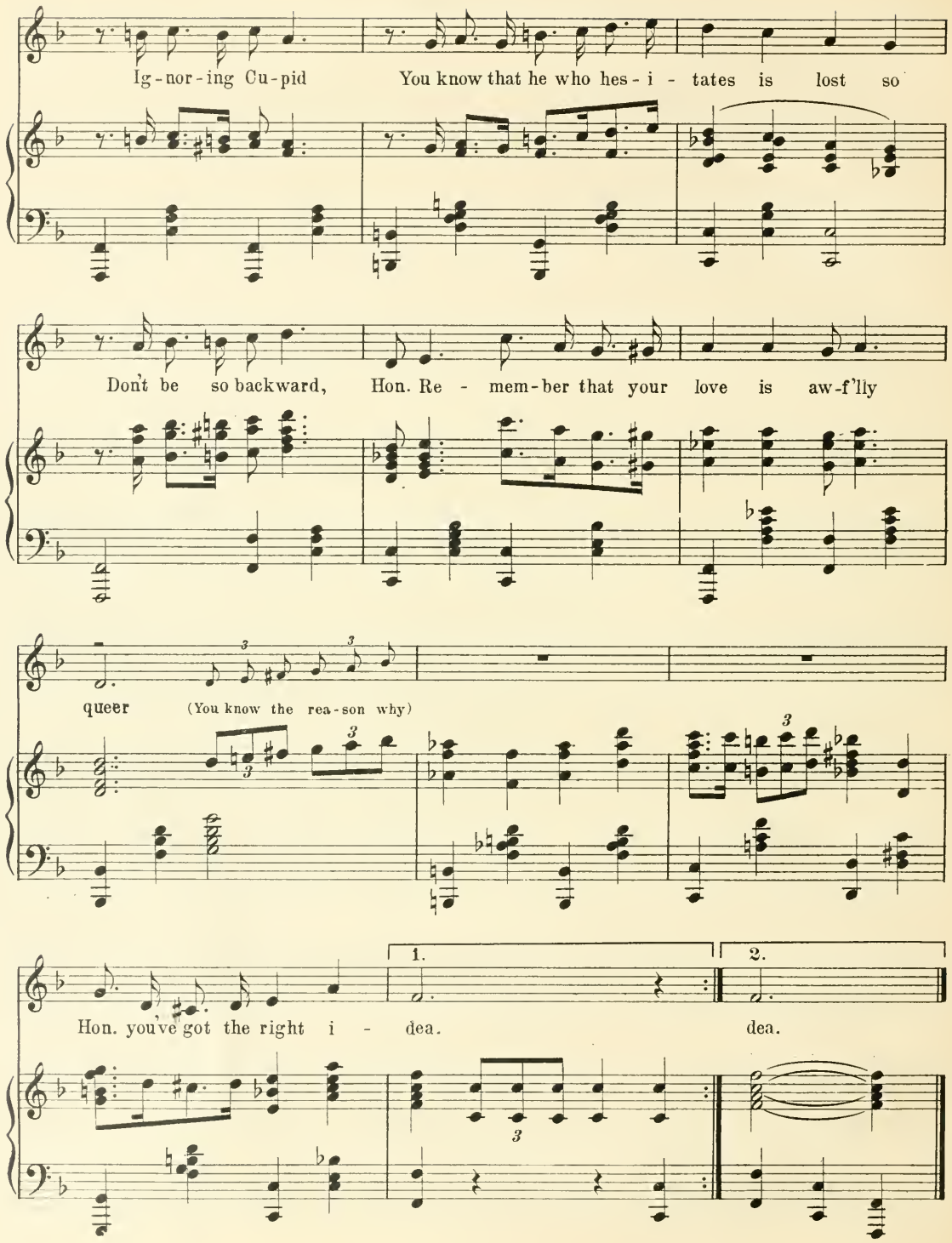
May-be you think I'm cruel to rep - ri - mand you But real - ly now I'm not to

blame Please come and fold me in your arms Just the

CHORUS

same. Why don't you ev - er try to hu-mor me with

just a squeeze or two You're ve - ry stu-pid


Ig-nor-ing Cu-pid
You know that he who hes-i-tates is lost so
Don't be so backward,
Hon. Re-mem-ber that your love is aw-f'lly
queer
(You know the rea-son why)
Hon. you've got the right i-dea.
dea.
1.
2.

That's Where I Stop

WILLIE KIDDER

Lyrics by
SAMUEL V. CHAMBERLAIN, 1918

Music by
SAMUEL V. CHAMBERLAIN, 1918

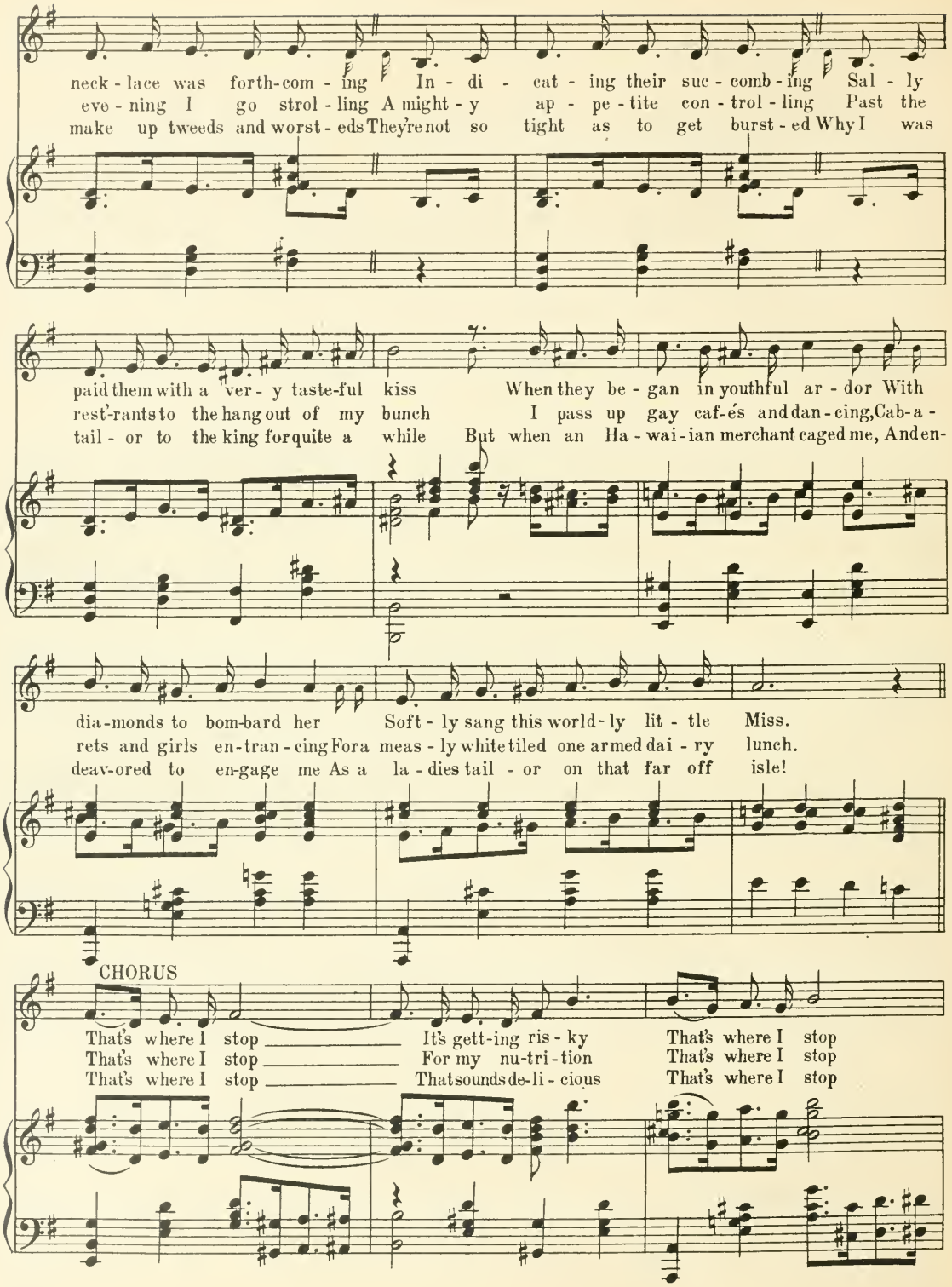
Introd.

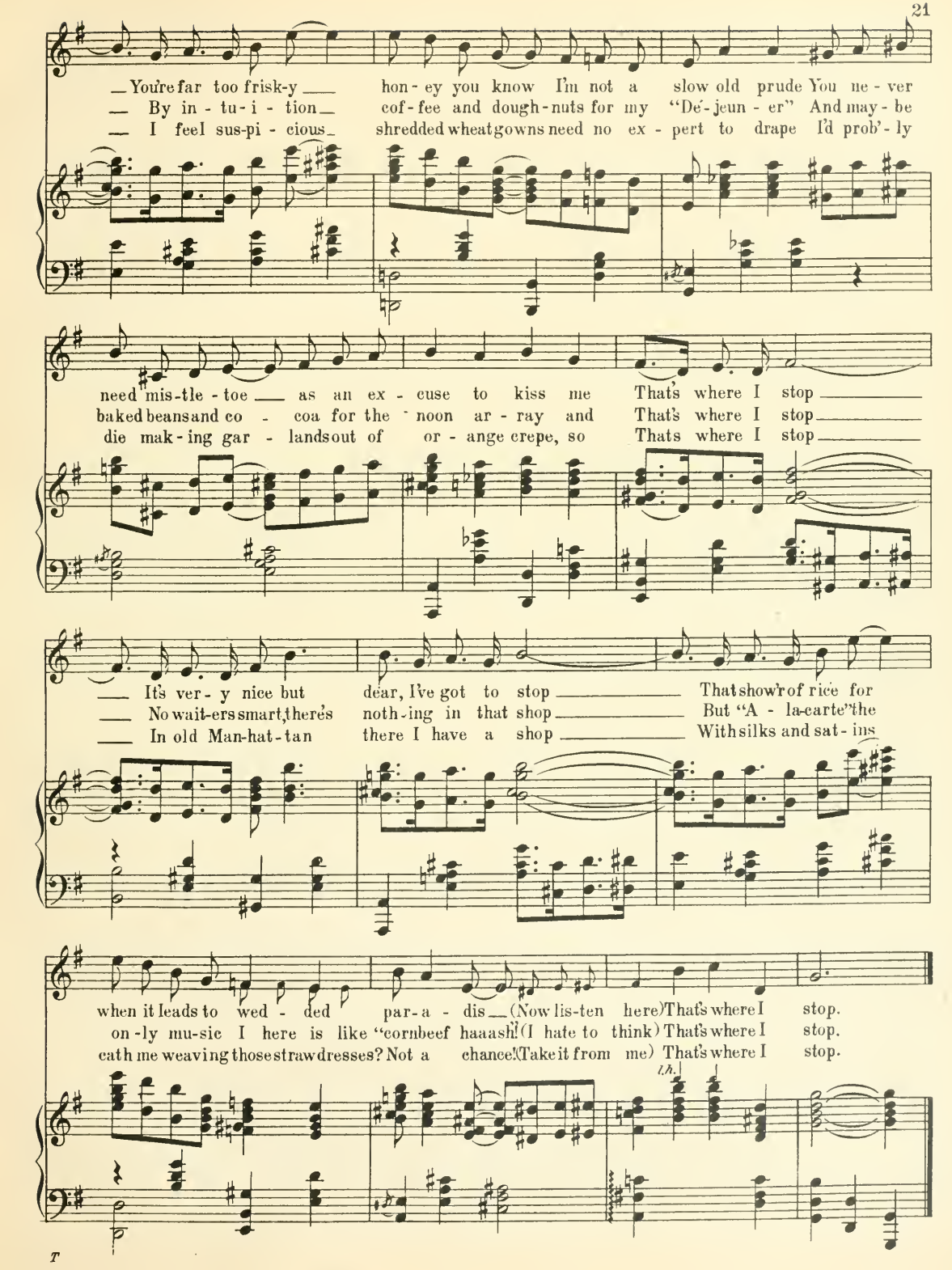
PIANO

1. Sal - ly Swift had her ad - mir - ers They'd feed the cat and build the fires — For —
2. My ap - pear-ance is de - ceiv - ing It might lead you to be - leiv - ing That —
3. My spring clothes is ad - mit - ted — Are im - mac - ul - late - ly fit - ted I'm a

just a friendly lit - tle pat or two Then they'd bring her flowr's and can - dy And other
I'm a mem-ber of the i - dle rich Now per - haps you think I dine with Dressed
walk-ing fash-ion plate in great de - mand This re - quires no cog - i - ta - tion When I

things that come in han - dy For — these a gen - tle squeeze or so would do When a
chick-en and rare wine — If you do, you're way, way off and here's the hitch Ev-'ry
tell you my vo - ca - tion You know Kup-pen-heim-er? Well I'm his right hand! When I


neck - lace was forth-com - ing In - di - cat - ing their suc - comb - ing Sal - ly
eve - ning I go strol - ling A might - y ap - pe - tite con - trol - ling Past the
make up tweeds and worst - eds They're not so tight as to get burst - ed Why I was
paid them with a ver - y taste-ful kiss When they be - gan in youthful ar - dor With
rest'-rants to the hang out of my bunch I pass up gay caf-é's and dan - cing, Cab-a -
tail - or to the king for quite a while But when an Ha - wai - ian merchant caged me, And en-
dia-monds to bom-bard her Soft - ly sang this world - ly lit - tle Miss.
rets and girls en-tran - cing For a meas - ly white tiled one armed dai - ry lunch.
deav-ored to en-gage me As a la - dies tail - or on that far off isle!
CHORUS
That's where I stop It's gett-ing ris - ky That's where I stop
That's where I stop For my nu-tri - tion That's where I stop
That's where I stop That sounds de-li - cious That's where I stop


You're far too frisk-y hon-ey you know I'm not a slow old prude You ne-ver
By in-tu-i-tion cof-fee and dough-nuts for my "De-jeun-er" And may-be
I feel sus-pi-cious shredded wheat gowns need no ex-pert to drape I'd prob'-ly
need mis-tle-toe as an ex-cuse to kiss me That's where I stop
baked beans and co-coa for the noon ar-ray and That's where I stop
die mak-ing gar-lands out of or-ange crepe, so Thats where I stop
It's ver-y nice but dear, I've got to stop That show'r of rice for
No wait-ers smart, there's noth-ing in that shop But "A-la-carte" the
In old Man-hat-tan there I have a shop With silks and sat-ins
when it leads to wed-ded par-a-dis (Now lis-ten here) That's where I stop.
on-ly mu-sic I here is like "cornbeef haaash!" (I hate to think) That's where I stop.
cath me weaving those straw dresses? Not a chance! (Take it from me) That's where I stop.
l.h.

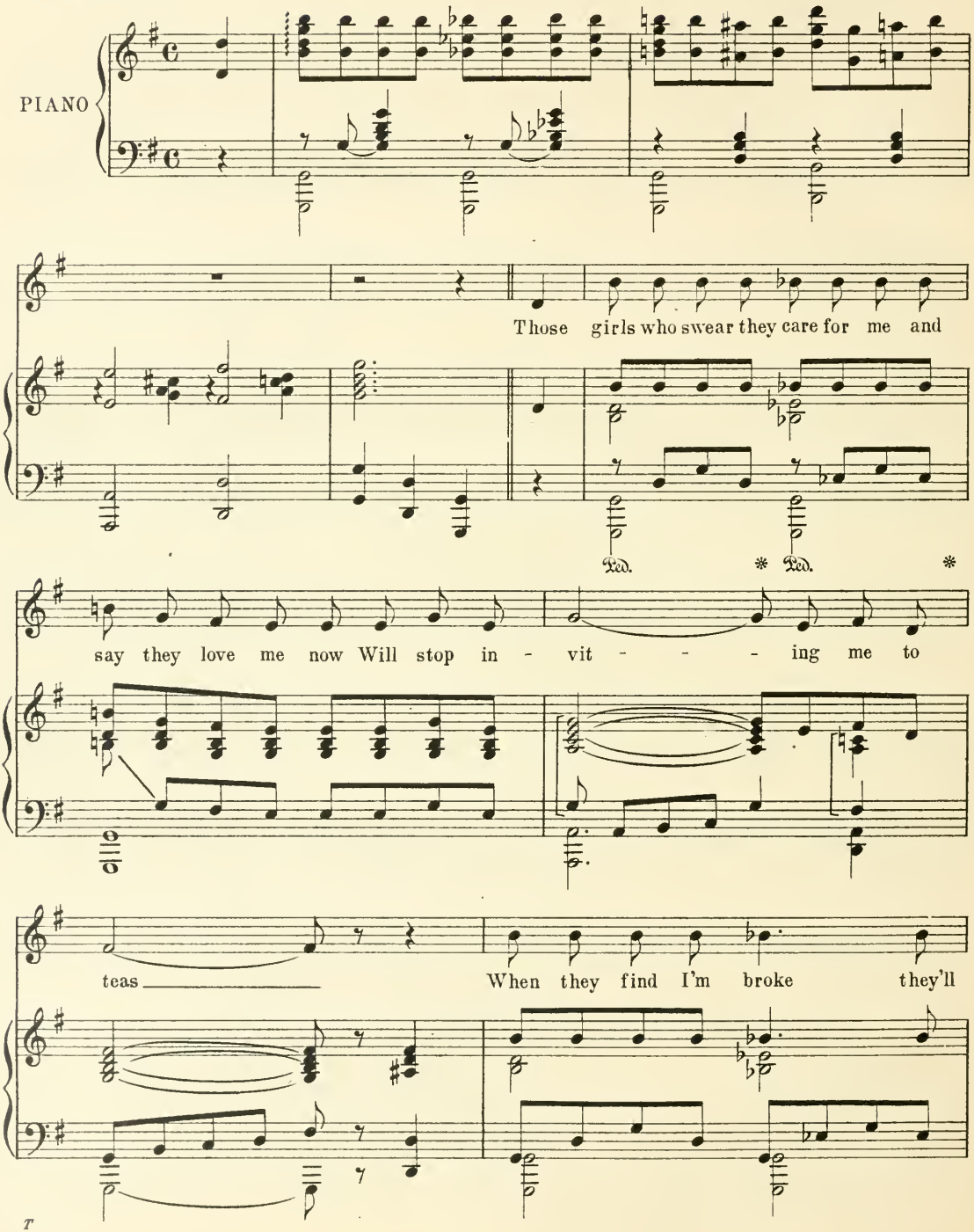
T

Girls, Girls, Girls

DAVE AND GIRLS

Words by
S. H. MACGREGORY, 1918

Music by
EARL P. COLLINS, 1918



take me as a joke And soon for - get _____ that I'm a -

round There's just one girl that real-ly counts _____ She lin-gers

in my dreams But ev - en she de-sert-ed

me And now she's lost it seems.

T

CHORUS

Girls, girls, girls, girls, You nev - er treat us fair,

Girls, girls, girls, girls, You make us think you care,

Girls, girls, girls, girls, You laugh and go your way,

rit. *a tempo*

You're not half square in love, You girl - ies of to - day.

8

T

I Wonder

DAVE

IRVING B. McDANIEL, 1917

IRVING B. McDANIEL, 1917

PIANO

Vamp

Your hair has caught All the purple light, Where moonbeams softly dart and play

Of moon-light nights, of wondrous heights, In mad'ning dis-ar - ray. I

ache with ma-ny fu-tile dreams of you, And when the weary night wears through My

con-scious thoughts be - gin a - new, Of you, dear heart, of you.

CHORUS

I won - der to whom you are read-ing The love tales I used to

write; I won - der with whom you are danc-ing, I long for you

so to - night. I won - der if you know I'm try-ing To

keep my poor heart from dy - ing. For I love you. I love you, And

to you I'm true. Oh, will you say "I love you." I

won - der to whom you are read-ing The love tales I used to

write; I won - der with whom you are danc-ing, I

long for you so to - night. I won - der if you know I'm

try - ing To keep my poor heart from dy - ing, For, I

love you, I love you And to you I'm true, Oh, will you say I love

you? Good bye, good bye, good bye to you.

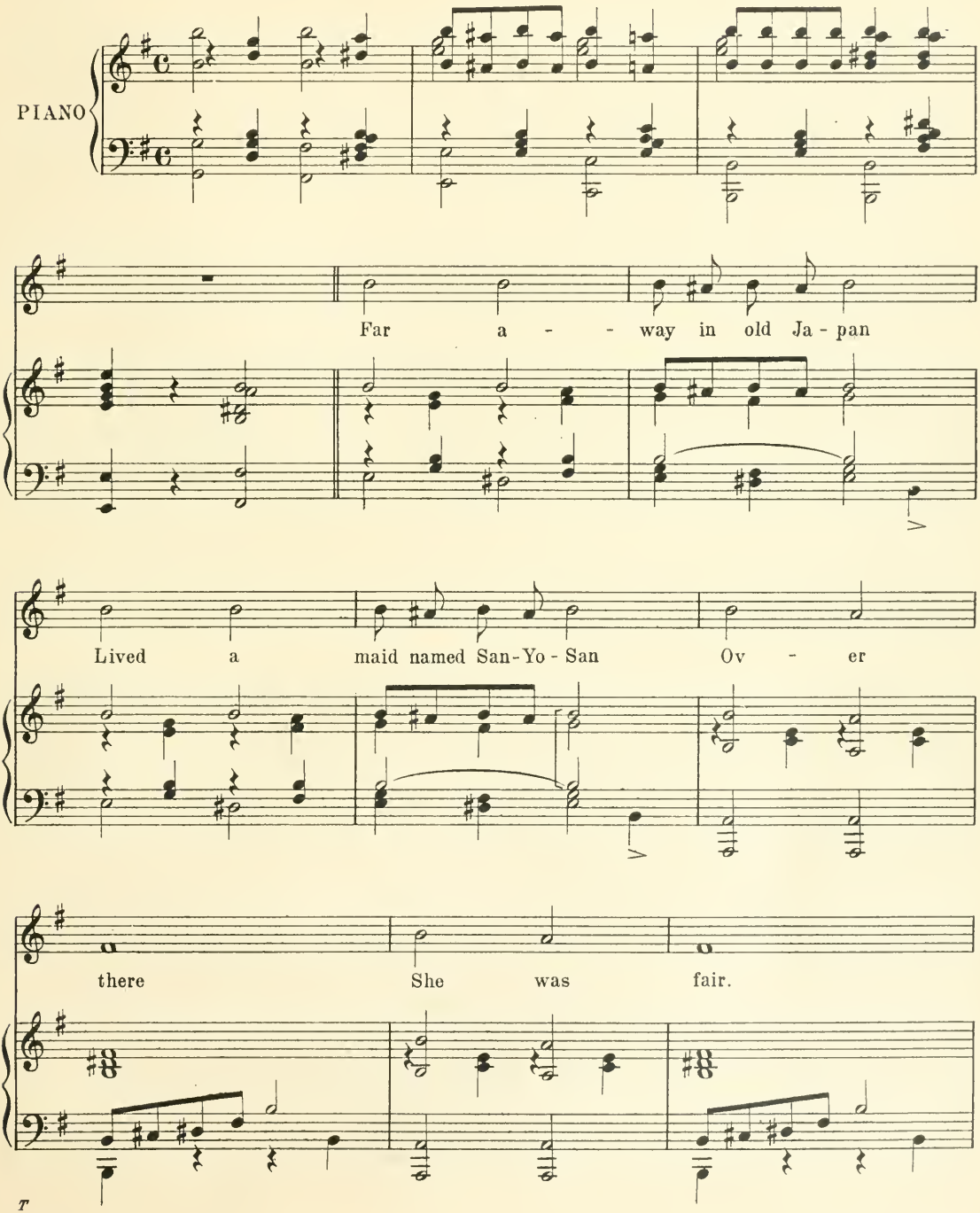
T

My Quaint Little Japanee Maid

STEVE AND CHORUS

Lyric by
SHERMAN H. MACGREGORY, 1918

Music by
EARL P. COLLINS, 1918



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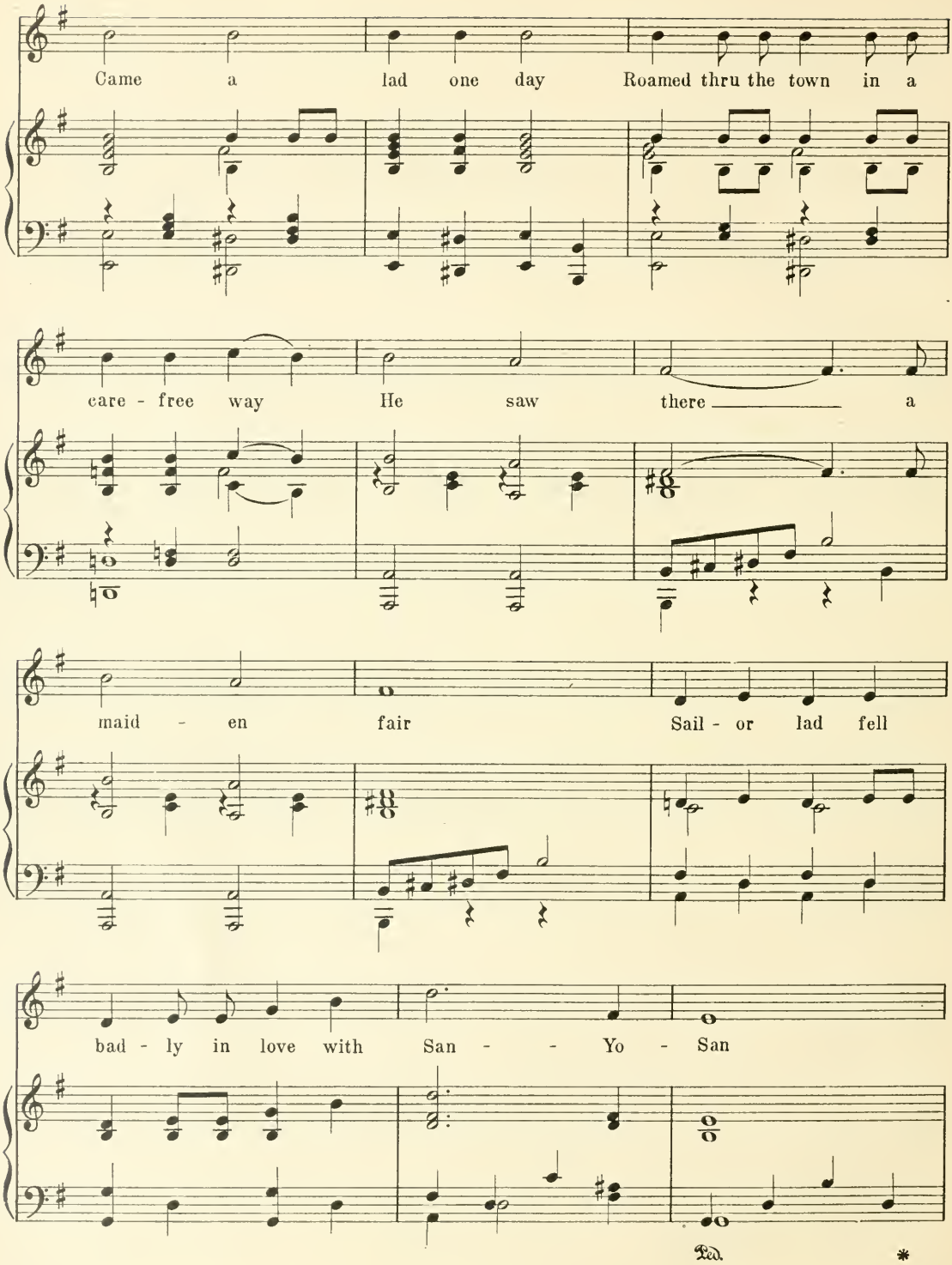

Came a lad one day Roamed thru the town in a
care - free way He saw there a
maid - en fair Sail - or lad fell
bad - ly in love with San - - Yo - San
Ped.
*

She fell in love with the sail - or lad And then she heard him say:

Ped.

CHORUS *Daintily*

My quain-ty lit-tle, dain-ty lit-tle Jap-an-ee maid, When you look at me my

heart it feels a - fraid; Jap-an-ee smiles and Jap-an-ee ways Are

rit.

in my dreams both night and day. When I sail far,

rit.

T

far a-cross the sea On my re-turn, will you still be,

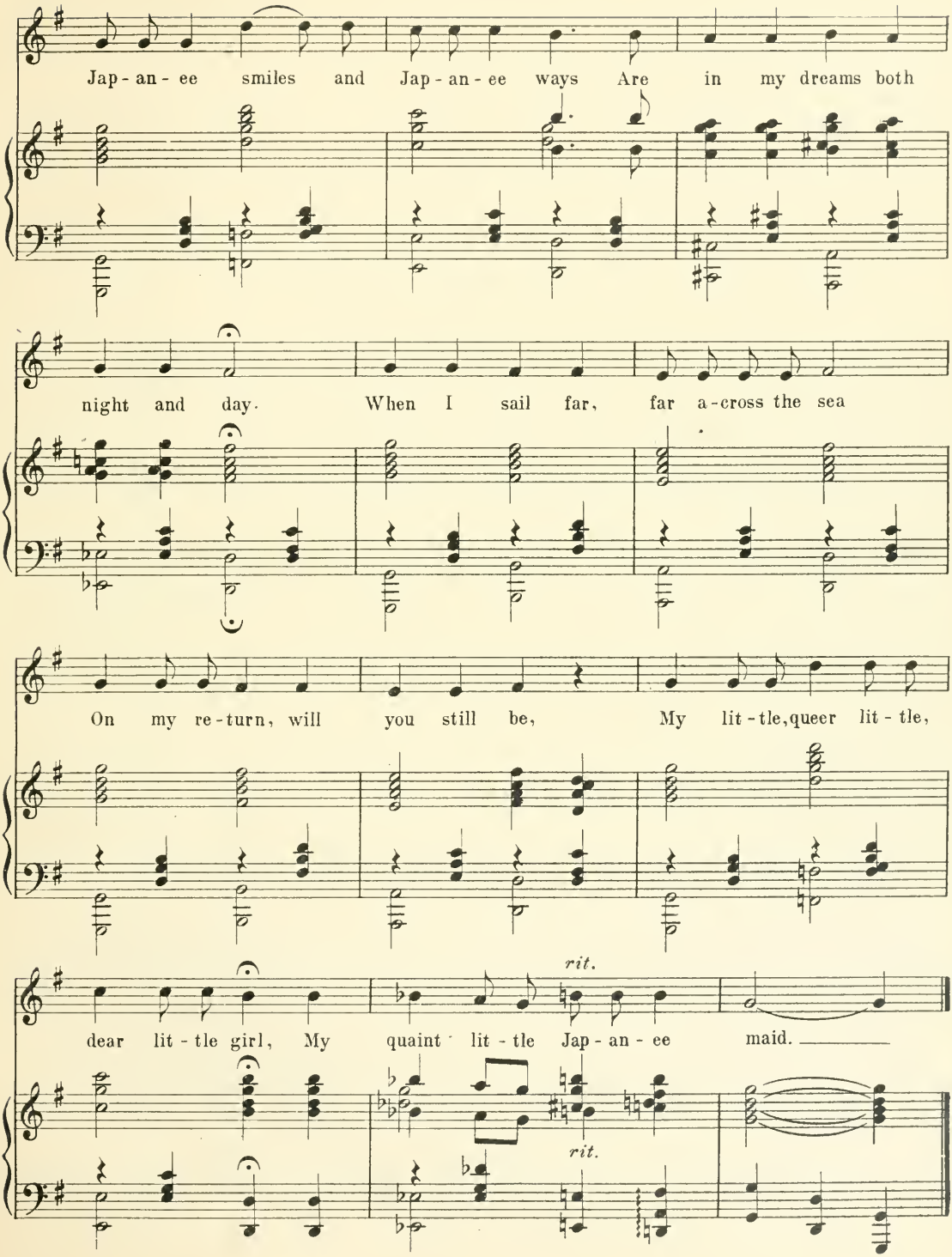
My lit-tle, dear lit-tle, queer lit-tle girl, My quaint lit-tle Jap-an-ee

Ped. *

For finish if no repeat

maid. My maid. quain-ty lit-tle, dain-ty lit-tle

Jap-an-ee maid, When you look at me, my heart it feels a-fraid


Jap-an-ee smiles and Jap-an-ee ways Are in my dreams both
night and day. When I sail far, far a-cross the sea
On my re-turn, will you still be, My lit-tle, queer lit-tle,
rit.
dear lit-tle girl, My quaint lit-tle Jap-an-ee maid.
rit.

T

I'm Looking For A Job As Husband

DAVE AND CHORUS

IRVING B. Mc DANIEL, 1917

IRVING B. Mc DANIEL, 1917

PIANO

Vamp

VOICE

I am oh so, so tired of Tech, I am just a, a ner-vous wreck.
My head seems to just buzz a-round, And a rich girl I have not found.

I can't sleep a, a wink at night And when I eat it is
Can't I find one, one of them here And mar-ry her right off

just a bite I'm just a shad - ow of my - self
nev - er fear I'm a big and health-y man

What I real - y need is wealth Be-cause I'm poor as
Frank - ly don't you like my plan I'll al-ways love you

poor can be, Won't some rich girl mar - ry me?
can't you see, If you'll on - ly mar - ry me.

CHORUS

I'm look-ing for a job as hus - band of the daugh-ter of some mill - ion -

aire. As to looks I'm not par - tic - u - lar, If the

coin she has plen - ty to spare. I can drive an - y car— on Fifth Ave - nue,

Wall street is just my style. To be spend-ing some mill - ion - aires

mon - ey Be - leive me thats a job worth - while. while.

Finale Act I

ENSEMBLE

Lyrics by
IRVING B. Mc DANIEL, 1917

Music by
IRVING B. Mc DANIEL, 1917

Allegro Vivace

Mr. Van A.

VOICE

PIANO

Ev - 'ry one lis - ten I've a sur-prise, What I shall tell you

You won't sur-mise I am so pleased as pleased as can be, And when I tell you

you'll a-gree with me. I'll tell you now with - out more de - lay Jane has be-come en -

Chorus

gaged to - day. It is an-nounced, All men she's renounced. To whom, to whom is

Jane en-gaged To whom, to whom is Jane en-gaged To whom is Jane en - gaged

Mr. Van A.

That is right I al-most for-got In my ex-cite-ment I men-tioned him not

Chorus

Lis - ten well and I will tell, Lis - ten well and he will tell,

Mr. Van A.

Lis - ten well and he will tell, To whom Jane is en - gaged. Per-

Jane *(Spoken)*

haps Jane will tell. I am engaged to Dave

f

Ross

Jane have you thrown me down,

mp

(Fast) Chorus

You nev - er told us

f a tempo

We nev-er knew That it was fixed be - tween you two.

Willie

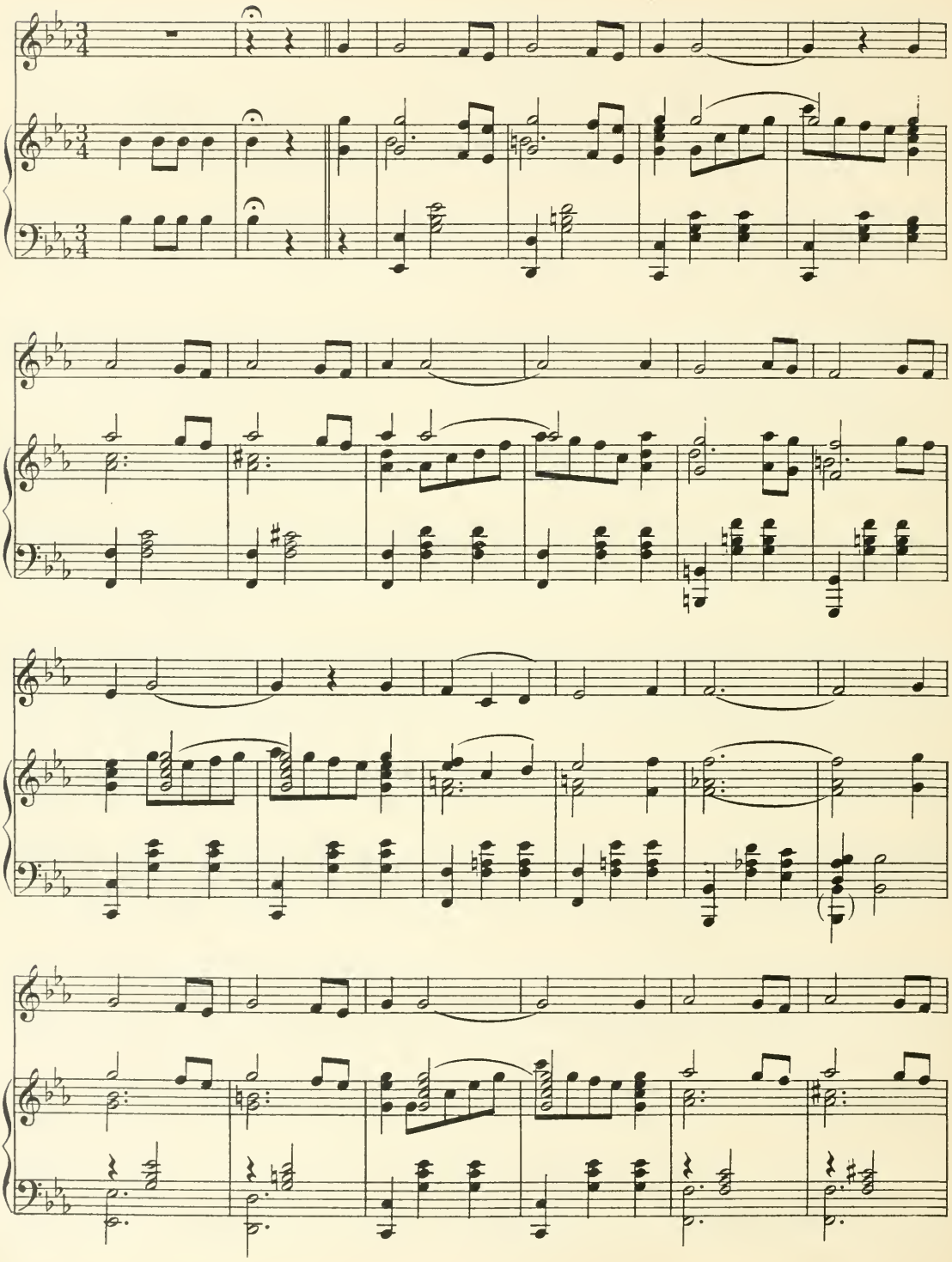
Dave put her there old

man.

Dave

Great scott what shall I do, But no!

mf



Steve and Chorus

I pro - pose a toast for ev-'ry-bo-dy here, A

toast all heart-y and cheer Fill up your glas-ses Those of your las - ses And

drink to their love so dear, May your path thru life be always bright and gay, And

for your hap-pi-ness we pray, Come drink your health, Come

1. 2.

drink your health And drive dull care a - way. way.

Dave

For I'm a hap - pi-er fel - low, Than an - y-one

Ped. * Ped. *

else could be, For all things could Just

seem to live as if they were meant for me;

But when you ask the rea - son, Of

Ped. * Ped. *

course I thought you knew That I'm in love With the

whole wide world Just be - cause I am in love with you.

molto rall.

ff

fff

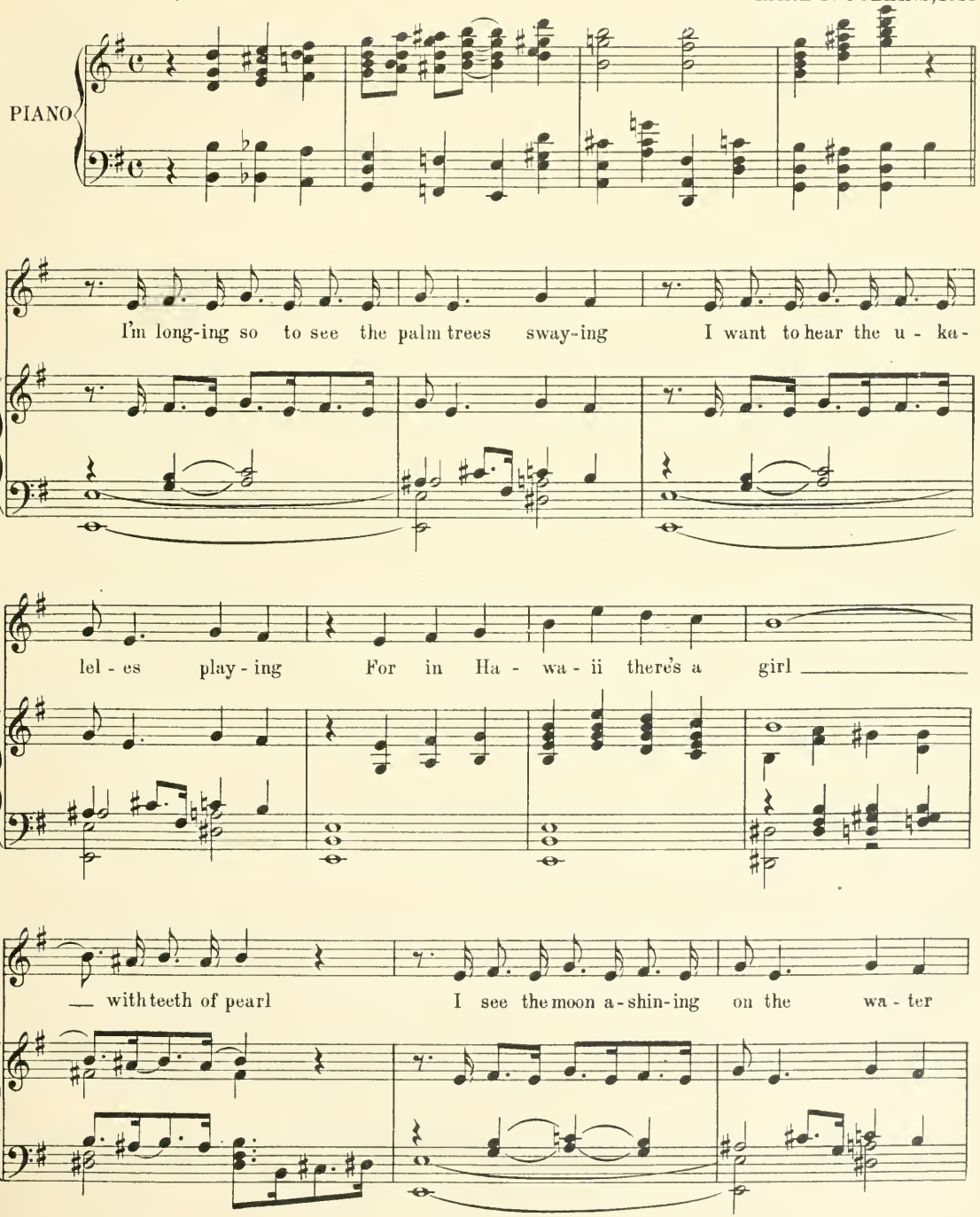
Curtain

The Hula Girl

WILLIE KIDDER

Lyrics by
SAMUEL V. CHAMBERLAIN, 1918
L. F. VAN ZELM, 1918

Music by
EARL P. COLLINS, 1918



The fra-grant breez-es sigh — Oh how I long to

see her — smile And the love light in her eye.

CHORUS

For she's a lu - la. — When she does the Hu-la Hu - la —

— Oh with a twist and — twirl She sets my

heart a - whirl And when she'd Yack - i Wick - i

Wah - i Ev - en A - dam would fall

She has that naught-y no-tion In ev - er - y lit - tle mo - tion

For she's my lall - ap - a - lool - a Hu - la girl.

T.

San Antonio

STEVE AND CHORUS

E. V. HOLDEN 1918

E. V. HOLDEN 1918

PIANO

Oh list to me while I try to tell you

A-bout a won-der-ful ci - ty where Im go-ing some day

Down where the girls are all so pret - - ty

— It sure-ly is a — pi - - ty — It's so far a - way

But if — you ev - er take a trip boys —

— Just take a tip from me —

CHORUS

And go a - way down in San An - ton - i - o

That's where I'm go - ing to go go - ing to go

There lives the sweetest girl I know And I am

going to tell her so Down by the Al - a - mo in that

south - ern mel - low moon - light glow Next thing

— you're going to hear the wed-ding bells ring

And you will hear me sing

We will get a show'r of rice when we start for Par-a-dise, To

set-tle down in San An-ton-i-o

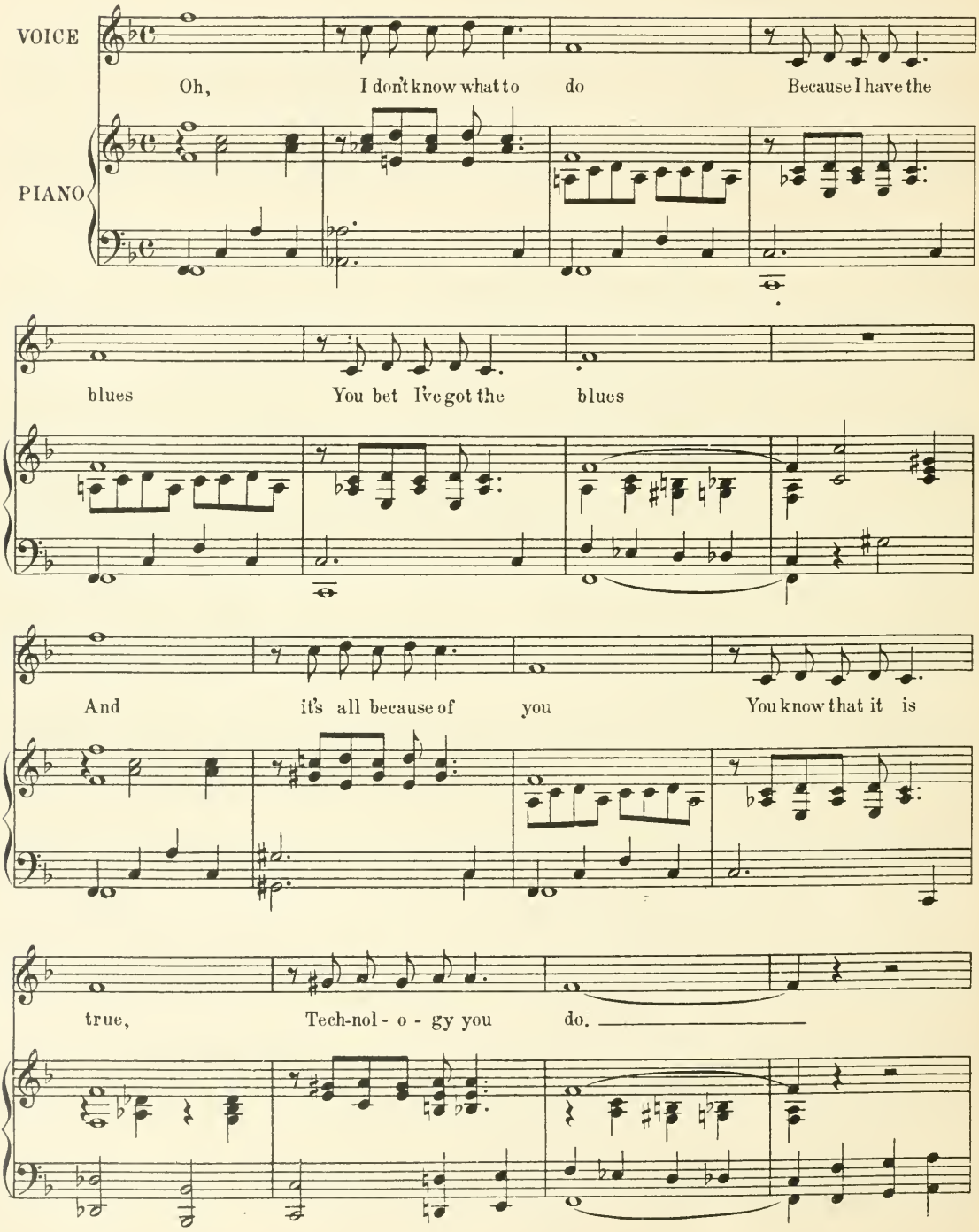
T

Tech Blues

DAVE AND CHORUS

Lyric by
IRVING B. McDANIEL, 1917

Music by
EARL P. COLLINS, 1918



Tech you're ne-ver sat-is - fied

Your hardness is your pride I know I al-most

died, I tried, Oh,

but I am feel-ing blue I wish that I were

through You bet your life I do.

CHORUS

Brain reel-ing, queer feel-ing, That comes a steal-ing o'er you.

Have you got 'em You can't eat can't sleep if you once get those

blues Be-cause you grind, yes you grind till you

lose — your mind — And then you will find that you're

two months be - hind, — And all of your profs are so good — and

kind — not a chance Math and — Chem and Ap -

plied, You know how hard you've tried — You hand in

all your work and you feel so sat - is - fied,

And when you get your re-port you ex - pect a C; But

rit.

a tempo *rit.* *a tempo*

then when it comes, you find an F D Oh Tech Blues,

a tempo *rit.* *a tempo*

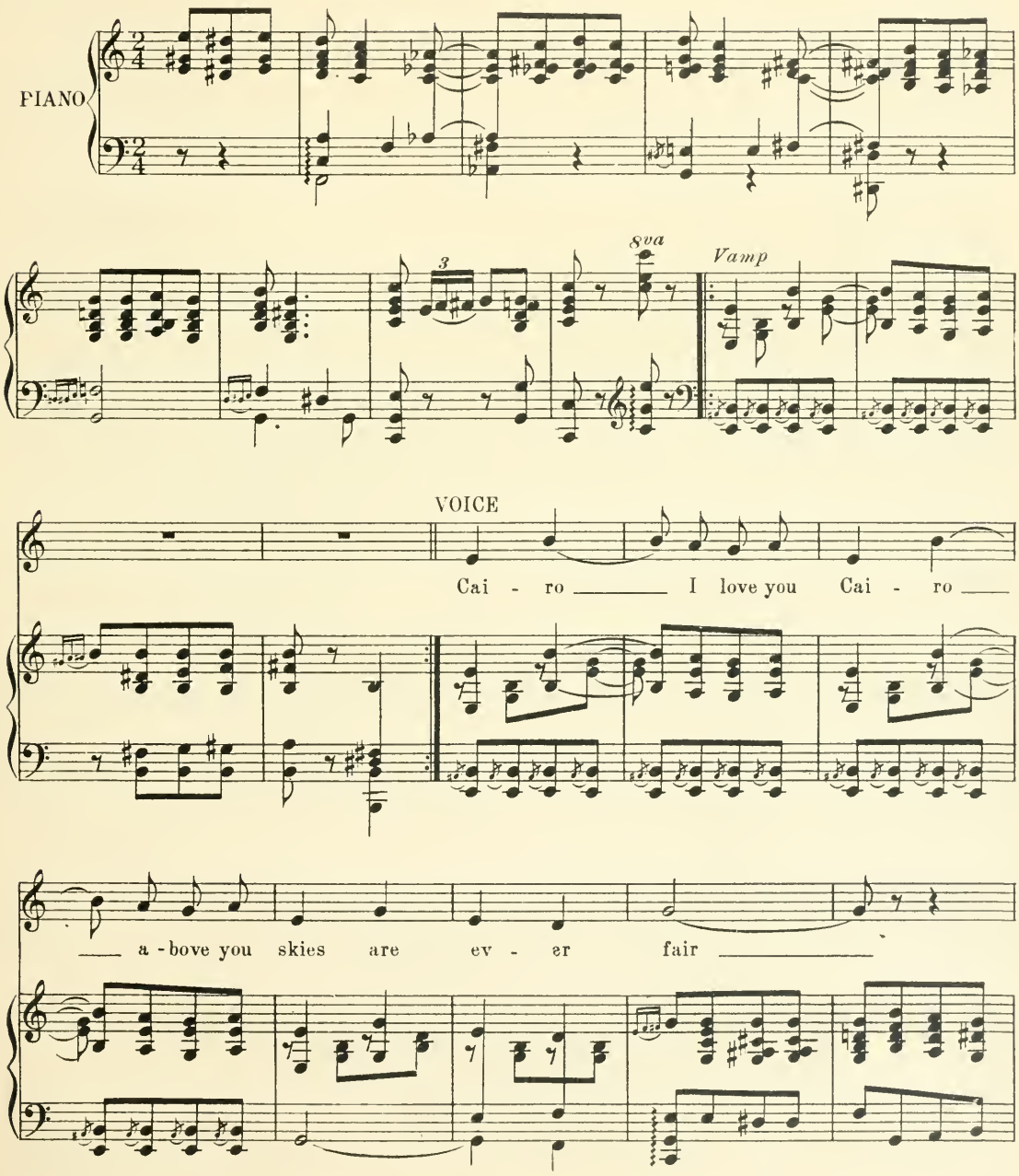
That's the trou - ble with me.

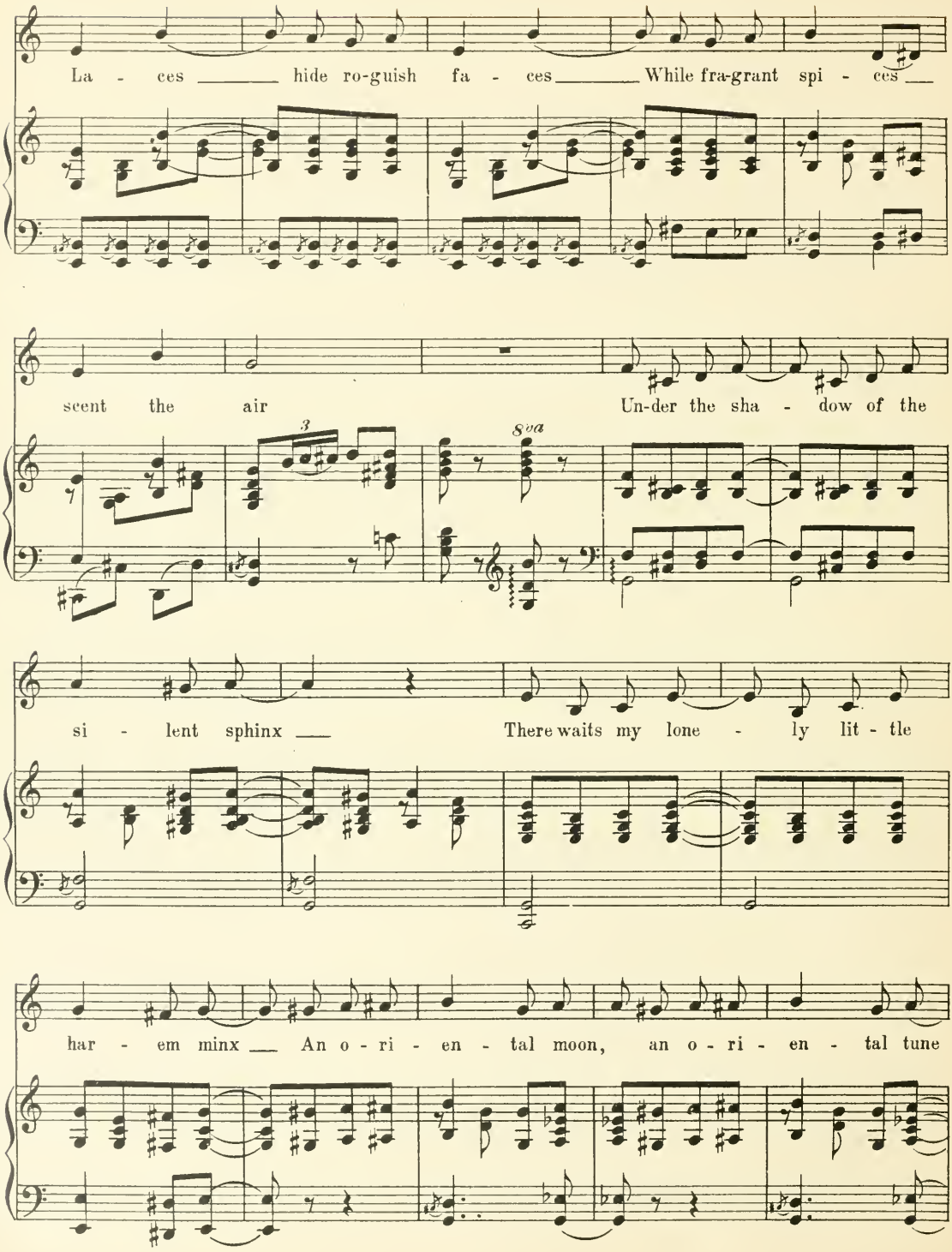
Cairo

BUDDY AND CHORUS

Lyrics by
SAMUEL V. CHAMBERLAIN, 1918

Music by
SAMUEL V. CHAMBERLAIN, 1918




La - ces hide ro-guish fa - ces While fra-grant spi - ces
scent the air Un-der the sha - dow of the
3
8va
si - lent sphinx There waits my lone - ly lit - tle
har - em minx An o - ri - en - tal moon, an o - ri - en - tal tune

My car - a - van will take me soon.

CHORUS

In that still o - a - sis there the on - ly place is

where I long to be Un-der-neath

the ban-yan sigh-ing in the can-yon there I'll find my

T

own E-gyp-tian Turk-ish tro-phy How I long ___ to kiss her nev- er more

___ to miss her To see the ghost of her smile _____ And cle- o -

pat - ra's speed ___ looks like a cen - ti - pede ___ Be-side my Prin-cess on the

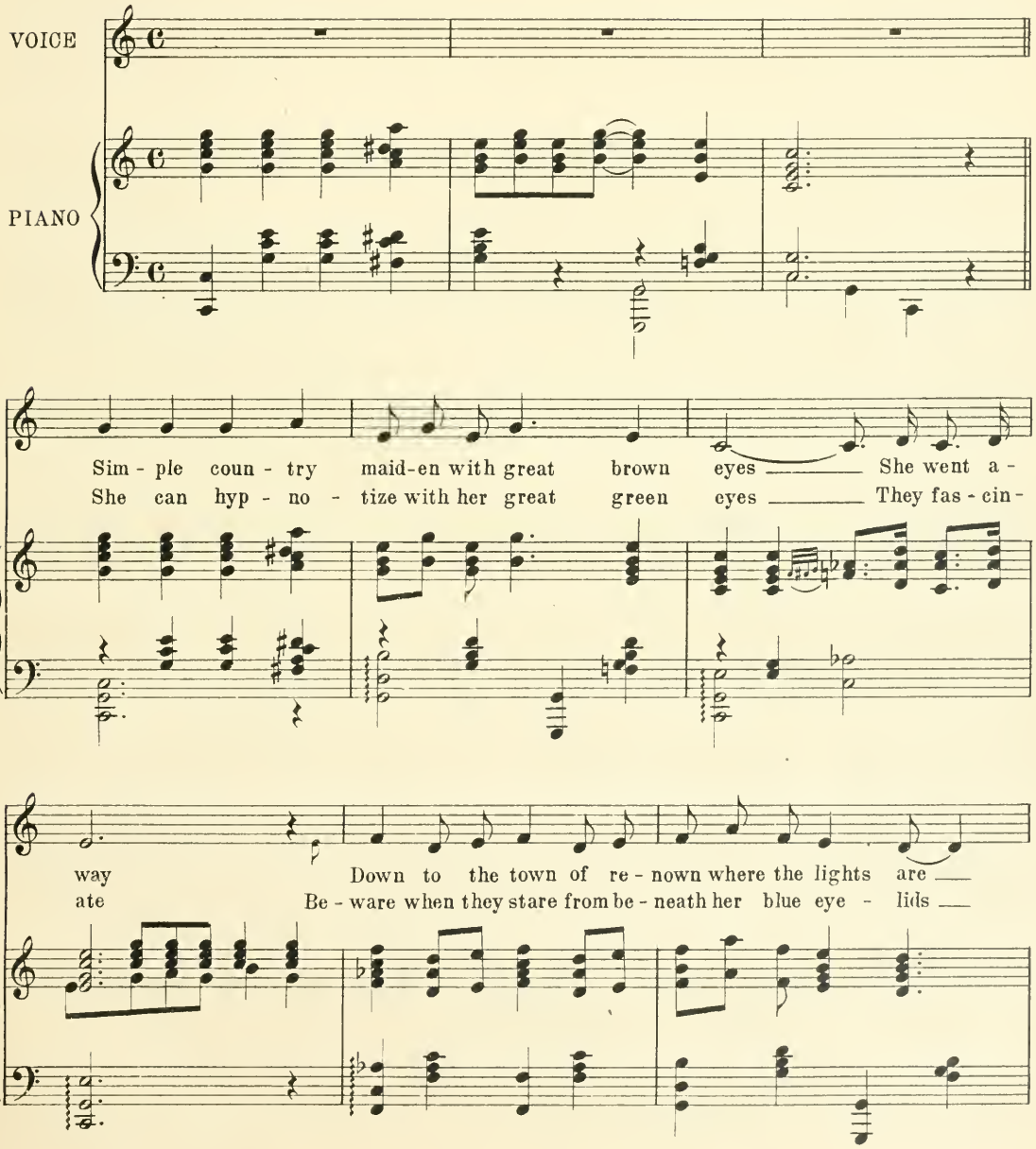
ri - ver Nile. _____ Nile. _____

And Now She's Vamping on the Great White Way

THE VAMPIRE

Lyric by
SAMUEL V. CHAMBERLAIN, 1918

Music by
SAMUEL V. CHAMBERLAIN, 1918



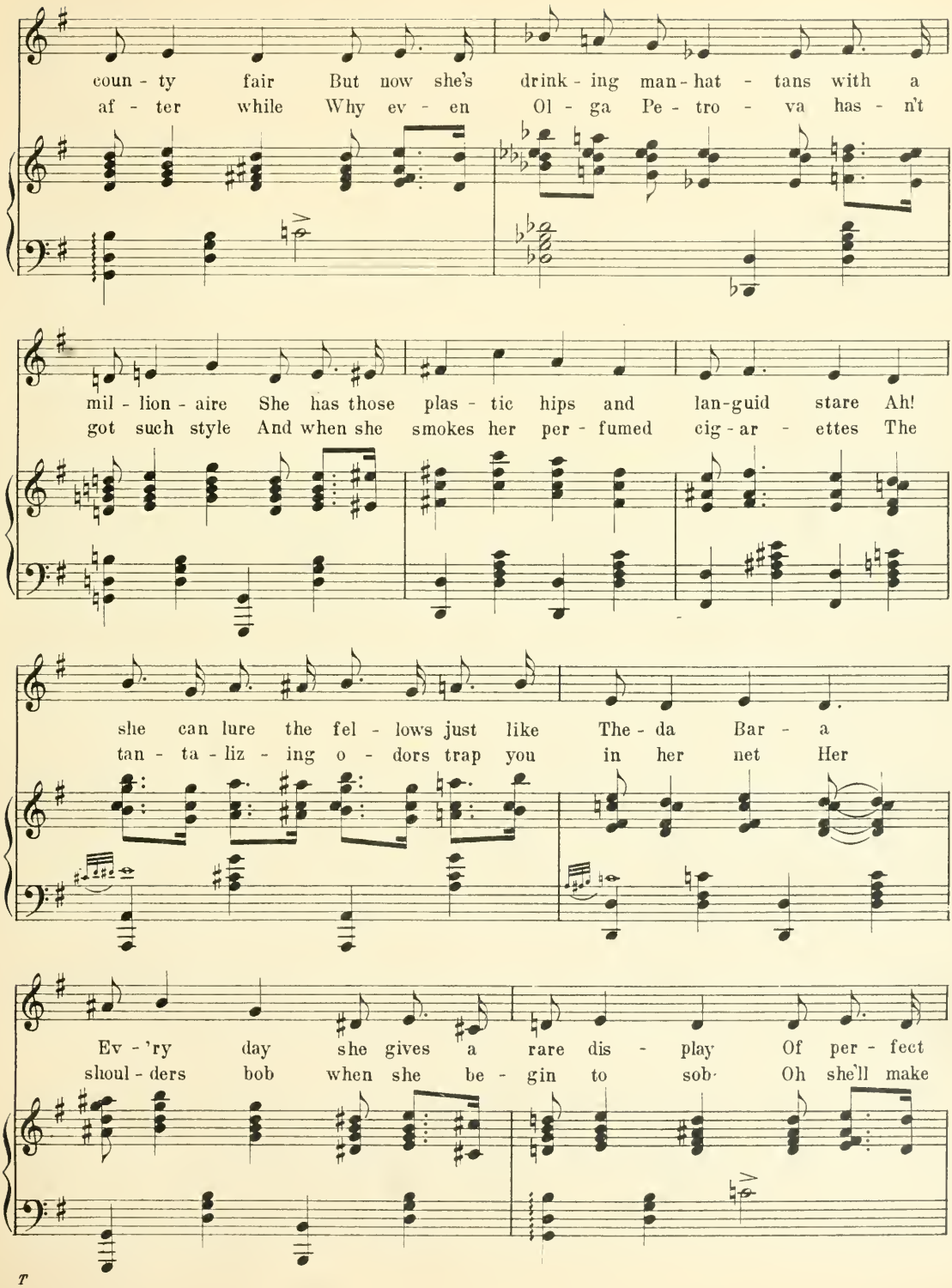
gay And wine spark-les all the time Left the ging - ham
oh Boy how they in - tox - i - cate She has crim - son

gown and the old town pump ——— And brindle cow And took to
lips with a Cu - pid's bow ——— To tell the truth Since she's been

old Broad - way and cab- ar - ets And — you should see her
down in dear old New York town She — sports a dia - mond

CHORUS

now. She used to drink hard ci - der at the
tooth. Her Mo - na Li - sa smile — will get you


coun - ty fair But now she's drink - ing man - hat - tans with a
af - ter while Why ev - en Ol - ga Pe - tro - va has - n't
mil - lion - aire She has those plas - tic hips and lan-guid stare Ah!
got such style And when she smokes her per - fumed cig - ar - ettes The
she can lure the fel - lows just like The - da Bar - a
tan - ta - liz - ing o - dors trap you in her net Her
Ev - 'ry day she gives a rare dis - play Of per - fect
shoul - ders bob when she be - gin to sob Oh she'll make

T

skin of snow - y white and dar - ing de - coll - tée She nev - er
Emi - ly Ste - vens hus - tle or she'll get her job Her dia - mond

sees the old home Ford ma - chine But rides a - round in Rolls - Royce
ear - rings weigh a half a pound With-out them she would on - ly

lim - ou - sines She leads the men too far and then of course she screams And now she's
be half gowned The old home town has ev - en heard of her re - nown Because she's

1. 2.

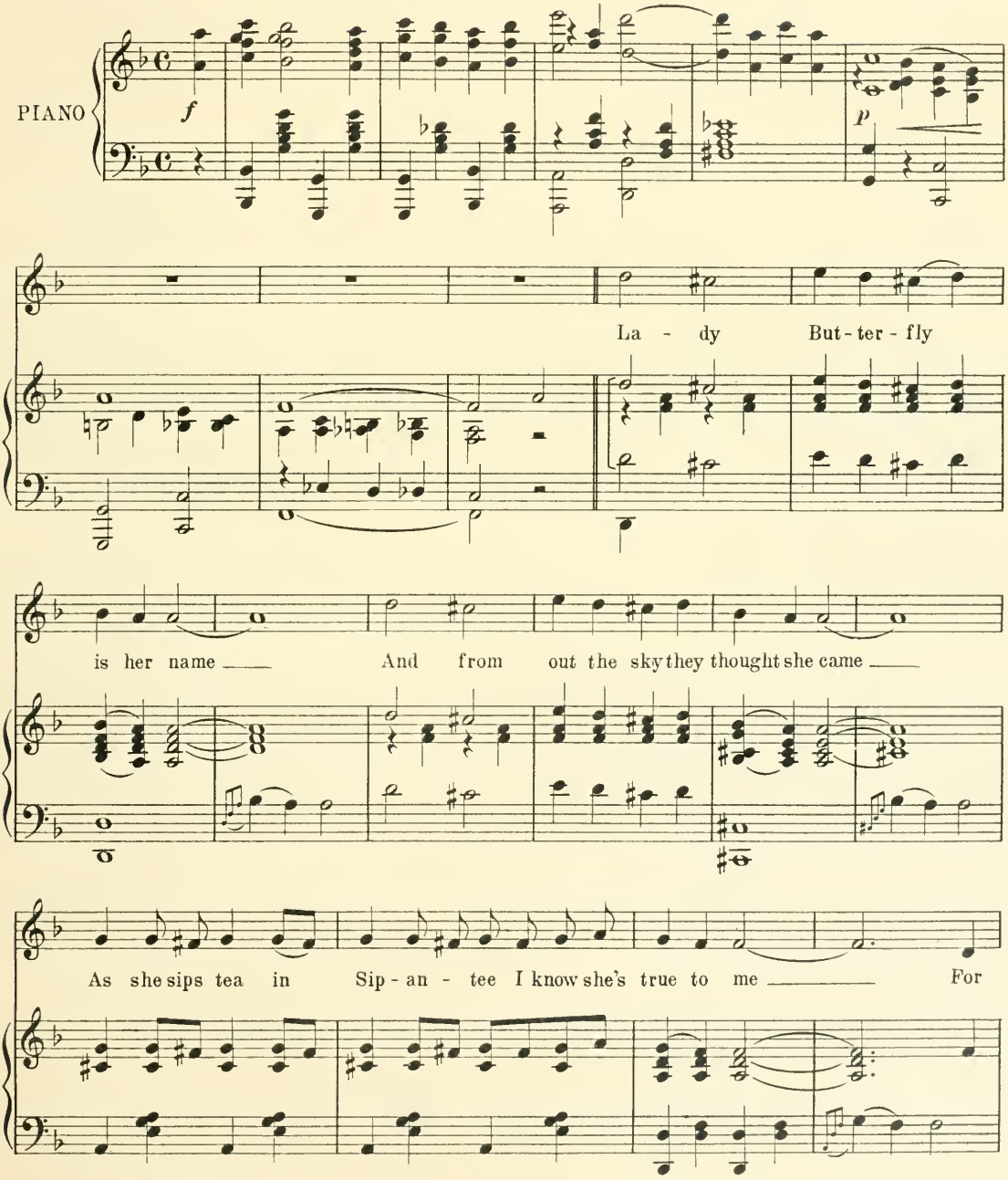
vamp-ing on the Great White Way. Way.
vamp-ing on the Great White Way. Way.

Lady Butterfly

STEVE AND CHORUS

Lyrics by
LOUIS F. VAN ZELM, 1918

Music by
EARL P. COLLINS, 1918



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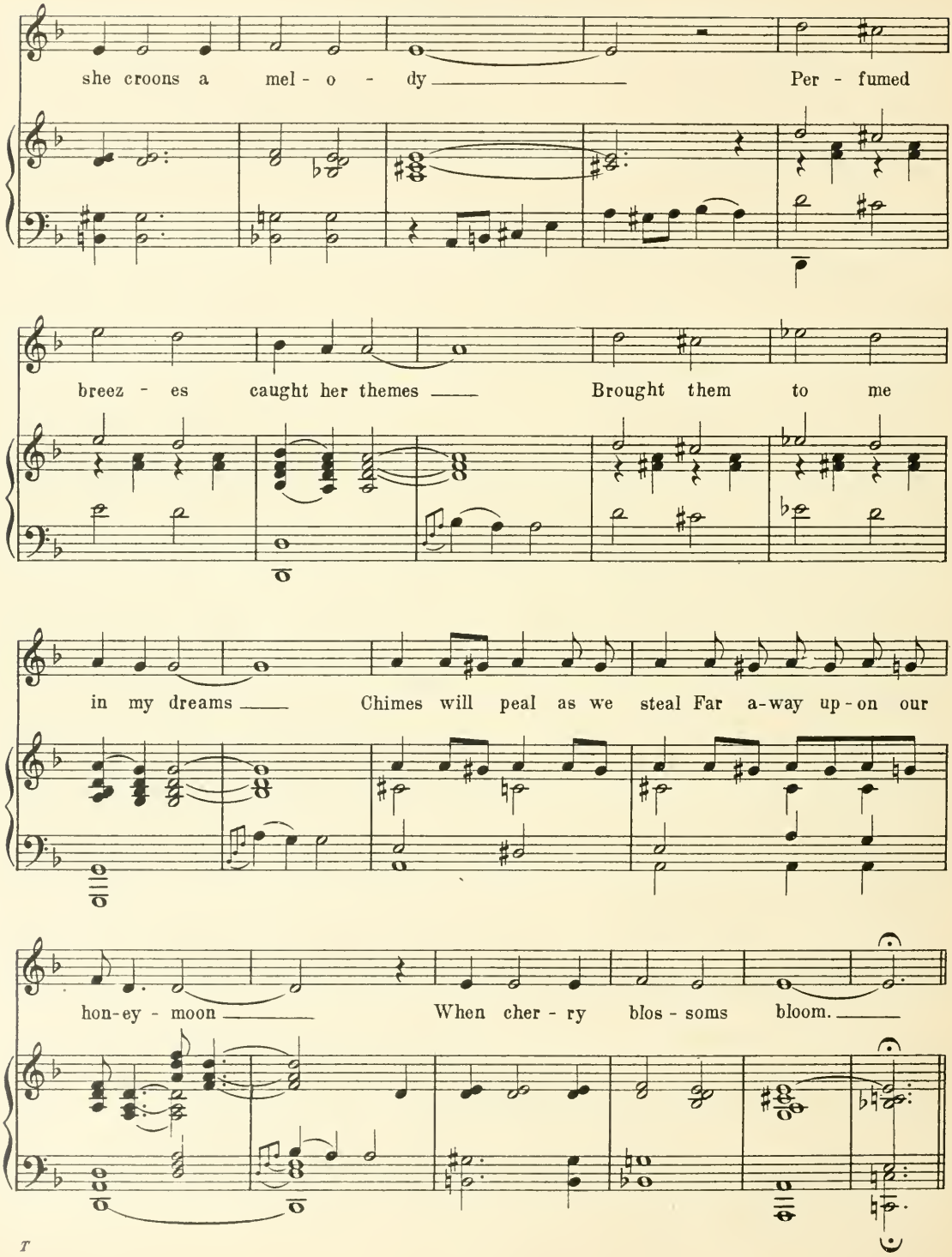

she croons a mel - o - dy Per - fumed
breez - es caught her themes Brought them to me
in my dreams Chimes will peal as we steal Far a-way up-on our
hon-ey - moon When cher - ry blos - soms bloom.

CHORUS

I love you, I love you, But-ter-fly, I

want you, I can't wait till bye and bye

Come, dear, and let my arms en - fold you,

For - ev - er to my heart I long to hold you

T

Whis - per, just whis - per, you'll be mine,

Dream girl, my dream girl of nights di - vine.

Life, dear, to me is naught with - out you, My life, my

love, my But - ter - fly.

T

Eat and Grow Thin

Lyrics and Music by
IRVING B. McDANIEL 1917

INTRO.

PIANO

Vamp

1. I used to be ter - ri - bly fat Three hundred pounds all of that
2. You know po - ta - toes are ve ry high No - bo - dy eats them that is why

I al - ways said it was just my luck To be the size of an
Why last year I'd eat three or four I could - n't pass side ways

T

au - to - truck if you're going to be fat why you're going to be fat And
thru a door And I dear - ly loved bread with su - gar on top I

so I let it go at that But I read a book on
looked just like a house and lot But I read a book on

"Eat and grow Thin" And now you see the con - di - tion I'm in.
"Eat and grow Thin" And now you see the con - di - tion I'm in.

Eat and Grow Thin Eat and Grow Thin Its ea - sy to do — if you
Eat and Grow Thin Eat and Grow Thin But eat - ing po - ta - toes is

T

once be - gin You fig - ure up how much you weigh, And
just a sin A li - ma bean, won't make you lean, And

lim - it your cal - o - ries ev - ry day Milk or can - - dy
sauer-kraut and sau - sage is ve - ry mean Milk or can - - dy

Pas - try beware Cross them off the bill - of - fare And
Pas - try beware Cross them off the bill - of - fare And

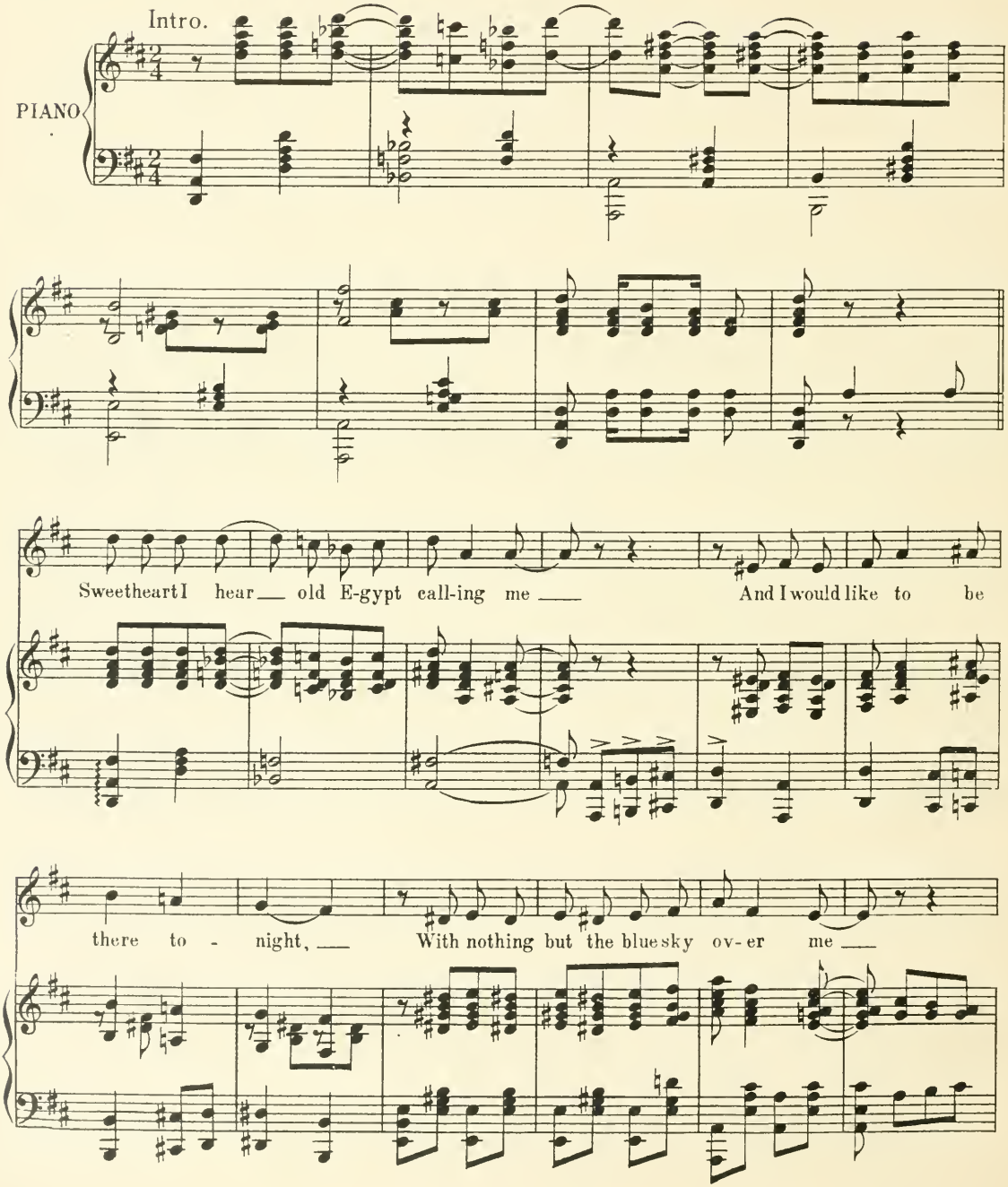
if you drink why have a care It's eat - ing that makes you thin.
if you drink why have a care It's eat - ing that makes you thin.

Egyptian Moon

STEVE AND CHORUS

Lyrics by
SHERMAN H. Mac GREGORY, 1918

Music by
EARL P. COLLINS, 1918



And the old moon shin - ing bright There where there's no

one near e - nough to see We'll hold a court, you'll be my

queen In the land of lo - tus flow - ers bright

We will sing this har - mo - ny.

r

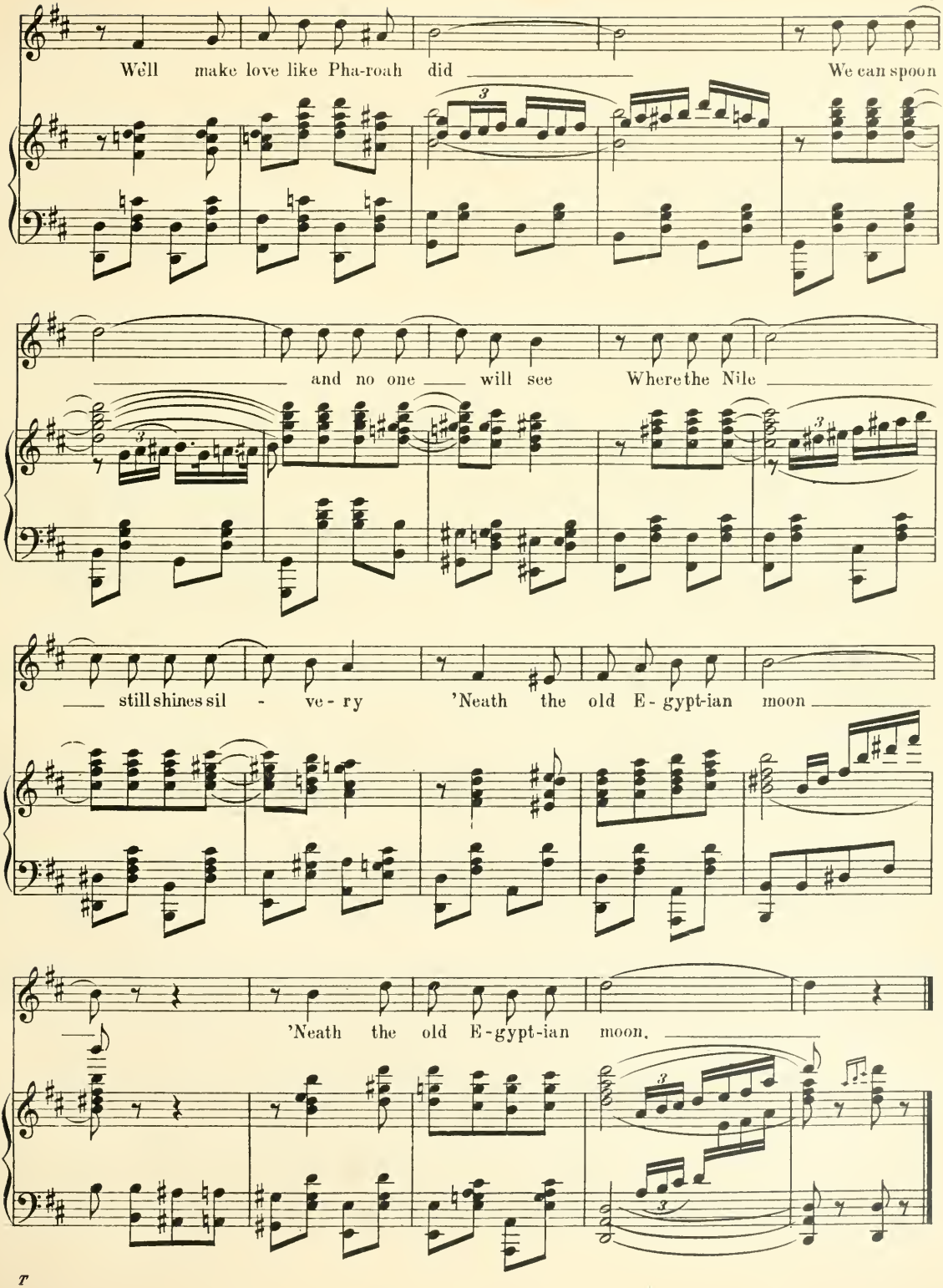
CHORUS

'Neath the old E-gypt-ian moon Where E-

gypt-ian lo-vers spoon Where Cle-o-pa-tra

once held sway And then An-to-ny had his

day In the land of Sphinx and Py-ra-mid


We'll make love like Pha-roah did
We can spoon
and no one will see
Where the Nile
still shines sil - ve - ry
'Neath the old E - gypt-ian moon
'Neath the old E - gypt-ian moon.

American Girl

STEVE, DAVE, BUD, WILLIE AND CHORUS

Lyric by
SHERMAN H. Mac GREGORY, 1918

Music by
EARL P. COLLINS, 1918

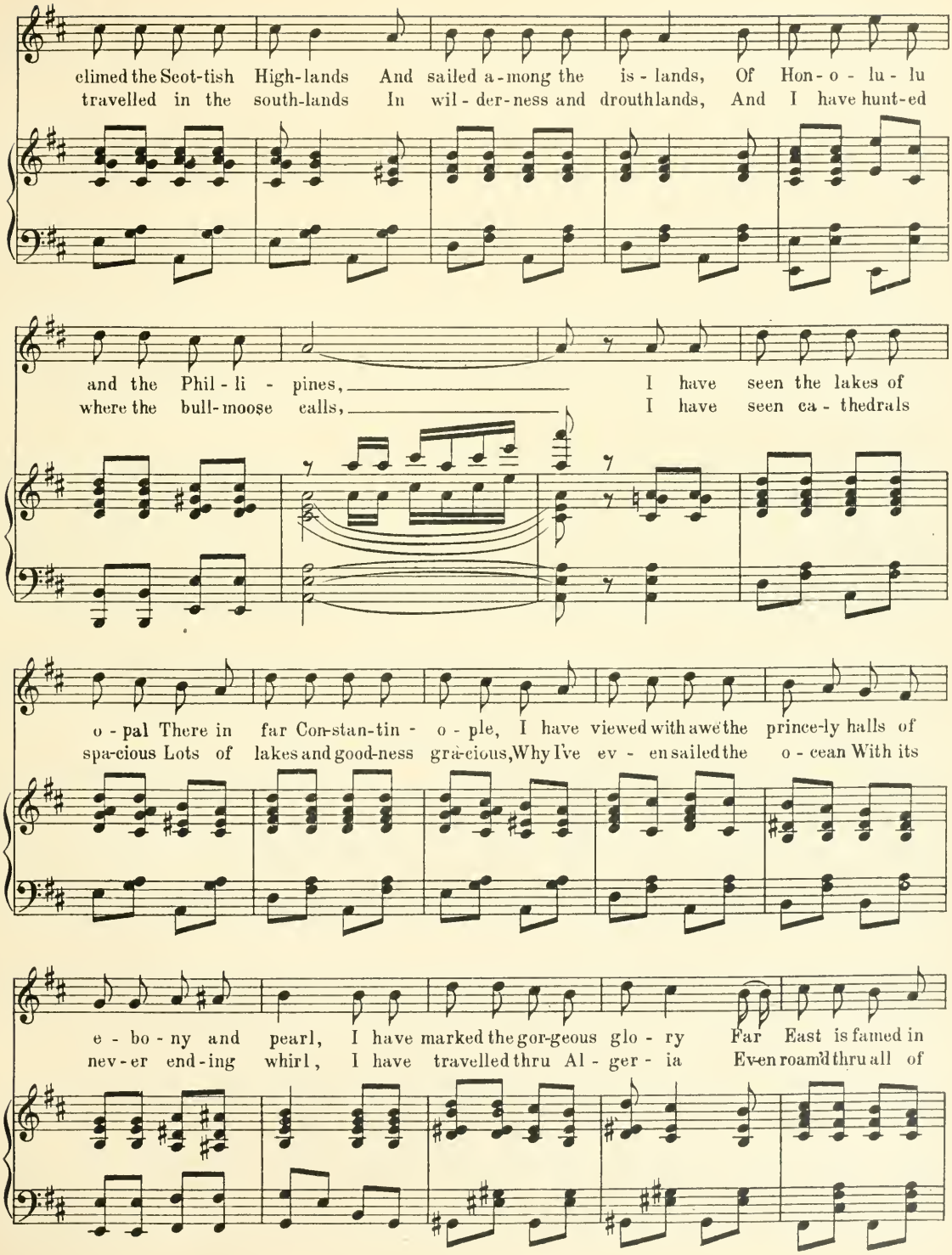
PIANO

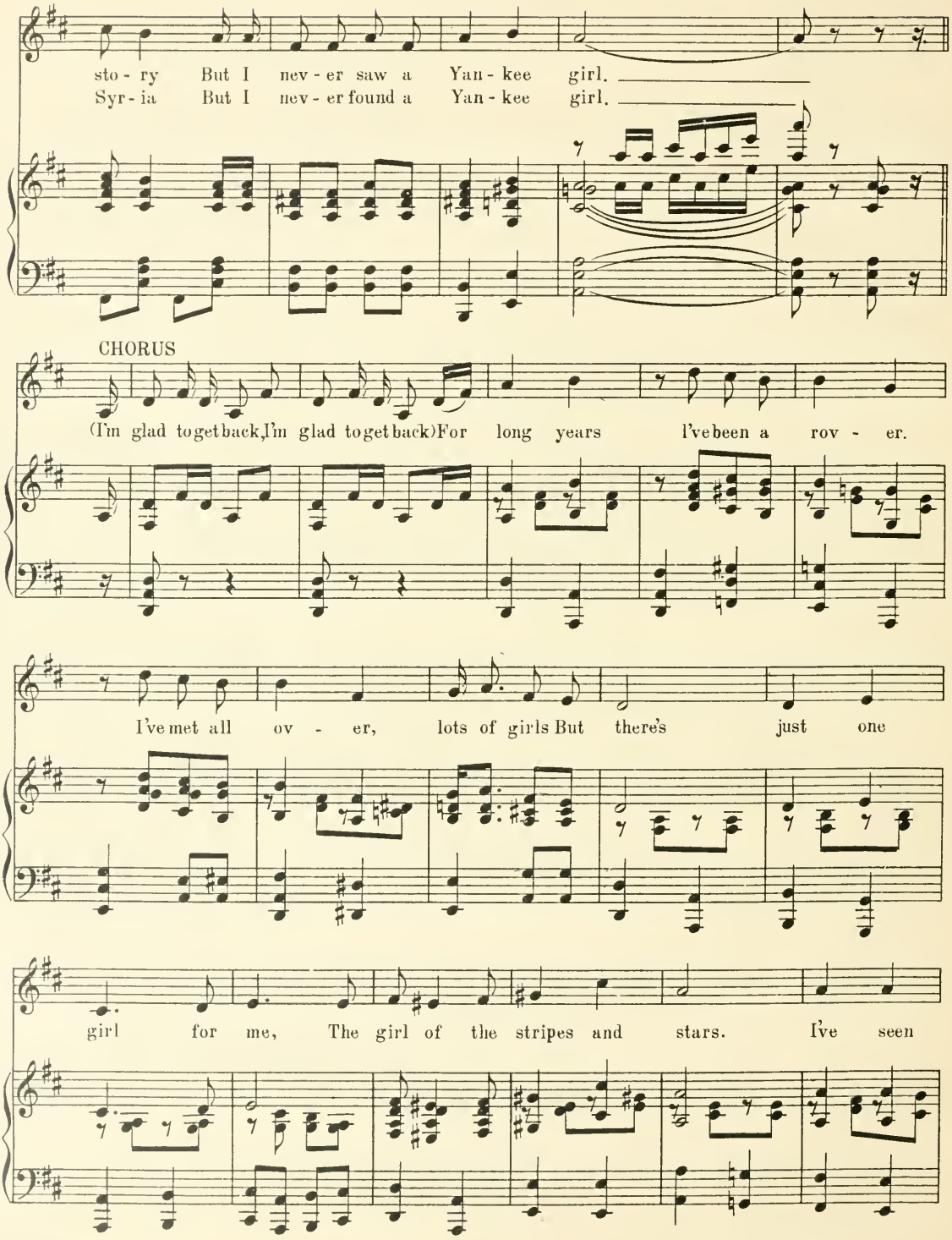
I have
I have

Vamp

climed Mount Fu - ji - a - ma, I have seen the glare and glam-our, Of the
climed the high - est moun-tains, I have seen some fam - ous fount-ains, I have

sil - ver and the crim-son on the south-ern sun - set sea, I have
felt the might - y trem-ble of our great Ni - ag - ra falls, I have


climed the Scot-tish High-lands And sailed a-mong the is - lands, Of Hon - o - lu - lu
travelled in the south-lands In wil - der-ness and drouthlands, And I have hunt-ed
and the Phil - li - pines, I have seen the lakes of
where the bull-moose calls, I have seen ca - thedrals
o - pal There in far Con-stan-tin - o - ple, I have viewed with awe the prince-ly halls of
spa-cious Lots of lakes and good-ness gra-cious, Why I've ev - en sailed the o - cean With its
e - bo - ny and pearl, I have marked the gor-geous glo - ry Far East is famed in
nev-er end-ing whirl, I have travelled thru Al - ger - ia Even roam'd thru all of


sto - ry But I nev - er saw a Yan - kee girl.
Syr - ia But I nev - er found a Yan - kee girl.
CHORUS
(I'm glad to get back, I'm glad to get back) For long years I've been a rov - er.
I've met all ov - er, lots of girls But there's just one
girl for me, The girl of the stripes and stars. I've seen

girls in Lon - don, Par - is, Rome, But there are no girls like the girls at home

They al - ways set my head a - whirl For

if she be dark or fair, There's no girl who may com - pare

With a pret - ty Yan - kee girl.

College Love

Lyrics by
LINWOOD I NOYES 1917
IRVING B. McDANIEL 1917

Music by
IRVING B. McDANIEL 1917
LINWOOD I. NOYES 1917

PIANO

The col - lege game is just the same But var - ied here and
This col - lege stuff is just a bluff To pass the time a -

there _____ You play your part for some girl - ies heart, And
way _____ Once she's blonde and the next is dark Or

try to make her care _____ You hold her hand and
au - burn haired next day _____ One day is't Ruth the

T

call her dear She seems be-yond com-pare ——— You take her to
next is Peg And then you fall for Sue ——— You ei-ther can't

dine or-der lob-ster and wine, And go as far as you dare ———
bear 'em or else its a harem It has to be one of the two. ———

CHORUS

That's col-lege love that's col-lege love, You'll find it wher-ev-er you

go ——— You say nice things and hint at rings a

re - gu - lar Ro - me - o _____ She's wise to you and all you

do It's not you she's think - ing of _____ Don't give a rap you're a

*A B

col - lege chap And playing with col - lege love _____ love

That's col - lege love that's col - lege love You find it wher - ev - er you go _____ You

* If Chorus is repeated use ending marked B and go on

T

spring this line "Dear Heart be mine" A re - gu - lar Ro - me -

o And when you're thru she's wise to you Your

me - thod is noth - ing new The girls are hep so

watch your step Play - ing with col - lege love

Not a Chance

JANE, DAVE AND CHORUS

Lyrics by
R. ROBINSON ROWE, 1918

Music by
EARL P. COLLINS, 1918

Introd.

PIANO

Vamp

(*Dave*) I'm just mad - ly
(*Jane*) You should see the

head o'er heels in love With a girl, with a girl
strong and handsome man I have found in my heart

(*Girls*) That is noth - ing new for you to do Fall in love with a
(*Boys*) Not a - noth - er fel - low have you found In your heart fic - kle-

girl (*Dave*) Ah, but this time all my thoughts are true To a
heart (*Jane*) Don't be rude I'm quite in love you see And I'm

girl, to a girl (*Girls*) But have - n't we a chance,
true, ev - er true (*Boys*) Well have - n't we a chance,

just a tee - ny chance (*Dave*) Lis - ten and I'll tell to you
just a tee - ny chance (*Jane*) He's the on - ly one for me

CHORUS

(*Dave*) Not a chance, Not a chance for you to win my heart a - way
(*Jane*) Not a chance, Not a chance for you to win my heart a way

Not a chance, I've found the one and on - ly girl (*Girls*) Won't you love us some,
Not a chance, I've found the one and on - ly man (*Boys*) Wont you love us some,

on - ly now and then sim - ply tell us when, (*Dave*) From my pur - pose set
on - ly now and then sim - ply tell us when, (*Jane*) From my pur - pose set

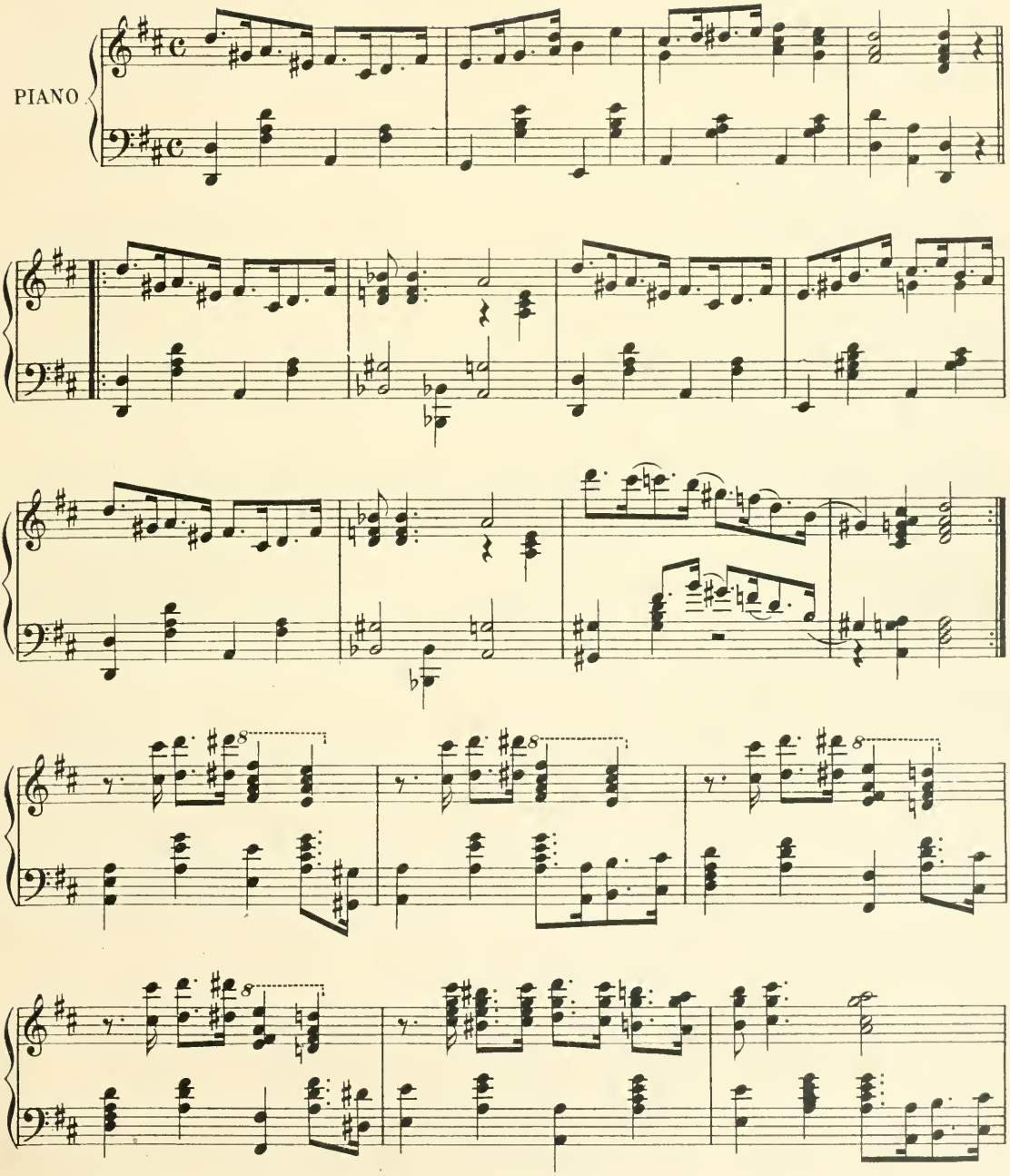
you can nev - er sway me (*G*) Give us just a chance, and we will persuade you
you can nev - er sway me (*B*) Give us just a chance, and we will persuade you

(*Dave*) Not a chance, (*Girls*) Just a kiss (*Dave*) Not a chance, I've found the girl for me.
(*Jane*) Not a chance, (*Boys*) Have a heart (*Jane*) Not a chance, I've found the man for me.

T

Fox Trot

EARL P. COLLINS 1918



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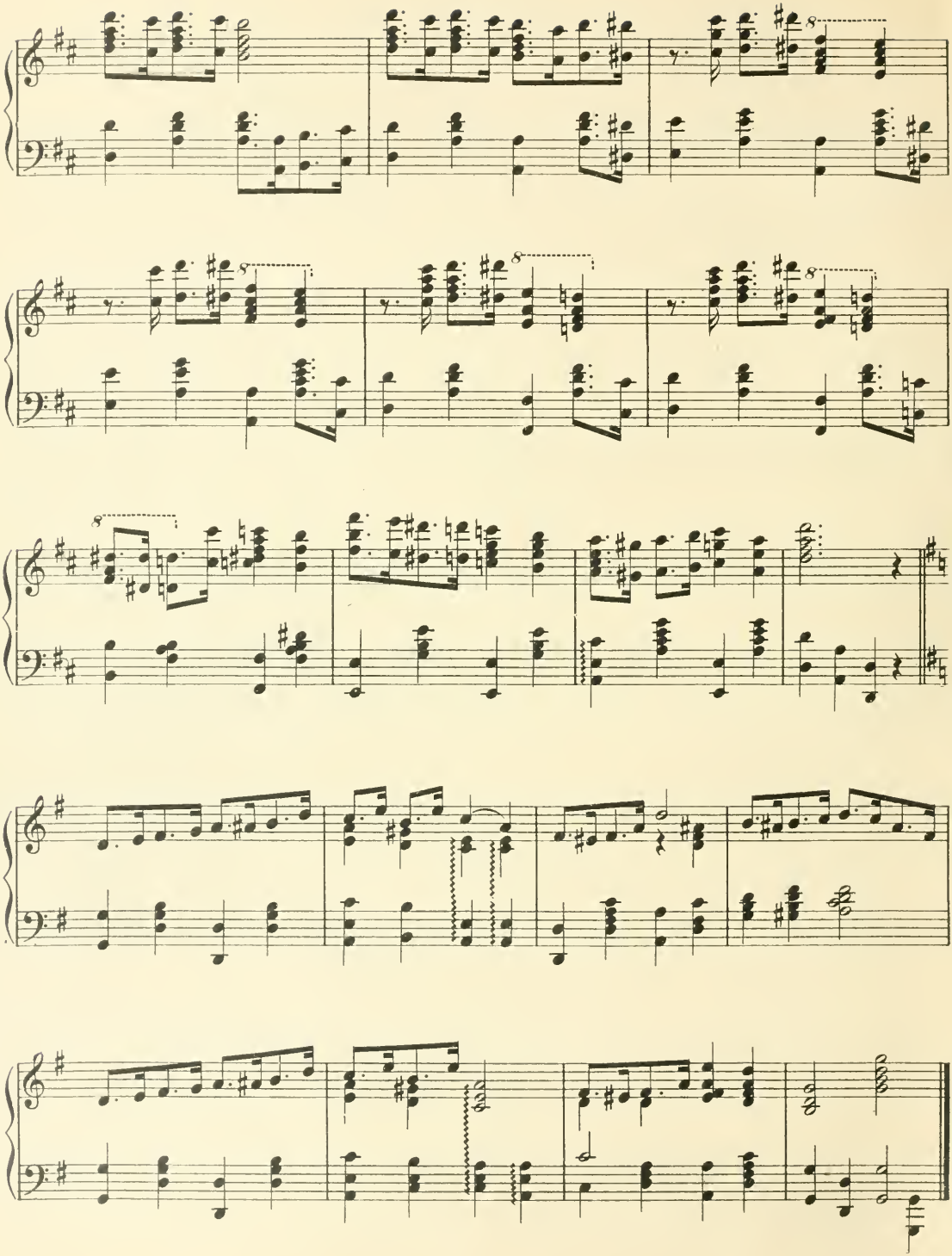

ROOM USE

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